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The Whole calculated for the

AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION

OF THE

FEMALE WORLD.

VOL. II.

DUBLIN:

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M.DCC.LXX.

MODERN CHARACTERS:

OR,

DIALOGUES

OF THE

LIVING.

VOL. II

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Editor thinks it neceſſary to inform the Reader, that the Twenty firſt and Twenty-ſecond of the following Dialogues, in which the fair Author has ridiculed and expoſed the faſhionable vices and follies of the age with equal ſenſe, wit, ſpirit, and propriety, are not the productions of her pen, but were written, the former by a Gentleman, his friend; the latter by himſelf.

DIALOGUES
OF THE
LIVING.

DIALOGUE I.

THE FRIENDLY ADVICE.

MRS. GAYLOVE, MISS FRIENDLY.

MISS FRIENDLY.

MY dear Gaylove, you muſt excuſe me, if I take the liberty to give you ſome advice, concerning your behaviour as a married woman.

MRS GAYLOVE.

I can excuſe any freedom in my dear Friendly, becauſe I am thoroughly convinced of the ſincerity of her intentions.

MISS FRIENDLY.

Had I not a ſincere regard for you, I ſhould not intereſt myſelf in your affairs. As I have, I can-

cannot ſee you on the brink of a precipice without being anxious for your ſafety.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

Your introduction is alarming and enigmatical.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

I will explain what I mean —— You have choſen a huſband ſo very much your inferior, both in fortune and underſtanding, that not only all your common acquaintance, but your intimate friends are aſtoniſhed at your choice.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

They are very ſoon aſtoniſhed, I think!

Miſs FRIENDLY.

They wonder what could induce you to throw yourſelf away—

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

Throw myſelf away!

Miſs FRIENDLY.

In this manner you are generally talked of.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

Mr. Gaylove is a gentleman. If I had married a tradeſman with ten thouſand pounds, what an out-cry there would have been!

Miſs FRIENDLY.

That you married him not from mercenary motives is too obvious to be mentioned, and it is equally evident that you could not be charmed with his perſon or accompliſhments.—However, without entering into your motives, about which nobody has a right to be inquiſitive—

Mrs.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

No, indeed, I think that thoſe who trouble their heads about my affairs, had better look after their own; but of the impertinence of the world I meet with new proofs every day I live.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

It is to no purpoſe, I allow, to make oneſelf uneaſy about the impertinence of the world, but yet I think the general opinion is not wholly to be diſregarded.—But to the point.—Let the world think as they pleaſe about your motives for marrying Mr. Gaylove, your behaviour as his wife is of too much importance to be neglected, and it is on this ſubject that I am going to unboſom myſelf to you.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

My behaviour as his wife?

Miſs FRIENDLY.

Yes, my dear, your behaviour as his wife. The words ought to be repeated. You know my regard for you.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

I do, otherwiſe this unuſual manner of addreſs would not be ſo well received.--But I am ſure you love me, and therefore, pray unboſom yourſelf freely.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

You are not to be acquainted with Mr. Gaylove's unhappy propenſity to the bottle and card table. You know his failings too well; you

know too that he has ſo weak a head, and ſo crazy a conſtitution, that he is every day leſſening his fortune and ſhortening his life; but you, perhaps, are not inclined to believe that you are contributing to his ruin, in mind, body, and eſtate, by the abſurdity of your behaviour.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

Abſurdity?

Miſs FRIENDLY.

Don't be angry,——you have deſired me to ſpeak freely. Is it not the part of a prudent woman in ſuch a ſituation as yours, to wean her huſband, by all the inſinuating arts ſhe is miſtreſs of, from the company of thoſe with whom he is improperly connected; and to make home agreeable to him, with a few ſelect friends, who would give no encouragement to his ruling paſſions? Would a prudent woman in your ſituation treat her huſband with the utmoſt contempt before company, flirt with young fellows before his face, and join in the laugh againſt him? Would a prudent woman contract intimacies with thoſe of her own ſex, whoſe characters are more than doubtfully good, infamouſly bad, and—

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

I know what you are going to ſay, therefore ſhock not my ears with the utterance of ſuch piercing truths. You have probed me to the quick. You have rouzed me to reflection. Your reproofs are ſevere. I wiſh I could ſay that I did not deſerve them. But I ſee myſelf

in

a contemptible light, and feel all the force of your reproaches.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

Reproaches? No, my dear Gaylove, now you charge me with unkindneſs, and put a wrong conſtruction on my friendly hints; happy ſhall I be if theſe hints make an impreſſion on you; and I flatter myſelf that you will thank me for my freedom, when you ſeriouſly reflect upon them.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

Yes, my dear Friendly, your hints, as you modeſtly call them, are not thrown away. They do, indeed, make an impreſſion on me; a deep one; and I intreat you to proceed with the ſame openneſs and unreſerve, for I ſee by your looks that you have more to ſay on this ſubject.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

I will. Mr. Gaylove wants not good-nature. He doats on you to diſtraction. You may, I am ſure, do any thing with him. As you thought proper to be his wife from choice, you certainly, by attempting to leſſen his conſequence, do not increaſe your own. Mr. Gaylove, though not a bright man, is no fool, and it is greatly in your power to make him appear in an advantageous point of view.—He loves you to ſuch a degree of fondneſs, that you may draw him off, with addreſs, from any purſuit, and mould him to your will. If, therefore, he continues to reduce his fortune, and impair his conſtitution, will not every body, with reaſon, attribute his follies to your

indiſcretion? To your connections with the Ingram family is, I believe, principally owing the indiſcreetneſs of your conduct. No people of reputation will be ſeen with them in public; and, ſurely, ſuch people are the laſt to be choſen for a private party.—Your character has already been hurt by them. If you had heard as much about them before you became acquainted with them, as you have heard ſince, I am willing to flatter myſelf that you would have ſhunned their ſociety.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

The world is very cenſorious, and I believe there are a great many lies told about them.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

Lies are undoubtedly told about every body in this tattling town, but the Ingrams have made themſelves ſo publickly, ſo notoriouſly infamous, that they who defend their behaviour, and think them fit to be viſited, muſt be abſolutely bewitched.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

What would you have me do? I am afraid there is too much truth in what you ſay; but you know, by experience, how hard it is to get rid of one's attachments.

Miſs FRIENDLY.

Your ſituation, my dear Gaylove, is critical. There is no time to be loſt, nor any ceremonies to be obſerved.——Break off at once without coming to any explanation.——If you parley you do nothing.

Mrs.

Mrs. GAYLOVE.

I will do as you deſire. — But are not the Ingrams very agreeable people?

Miſs FRIENDLY.

They are ſo; and, therefore, the more dangerous.

DIALOGUE II.

THE GARRETTEERS.

JACK SOCK, BEN BUSKIN, GEORGE CRAMBO, DICK SONNET, AND PETER PARAGRAPH;

Sitting round a table in a Bookſeller's garret, with pens, ink, paper, bread, and water, before them.

JACK.

HA! ha! ha!—that's clear, by Jupiter. — "No ma'am, I'll be —— if I die for "you."——That will do;——don't you think ſo, Ben?

BEN.

Pray ceaſe your raptures, Jack, you demoliſh'd the ſublimeſt ſimile that ever darted into a Poet's brain.—Let me try to recollect it. I

would not loſe it for the world.——Let me ſee —So, ſo, ſo, when———

So when a comet ſweeping thro' the ſky,
ſky, ſky, ſky,——

GEORGE.

Scorches the earth, and drinks the ocean dry.

BEN.

Pſha! pſha! pſha! 'Sdeath George! will you always be a boy?—Will you never leave off ſuch egregious trifling?

GEORGE.

Take care what you ſay, Ben, or I'll blow you. —That comet's none of your own. Is it, Peter? —Hollo!—Peter, are you aſleep?

PETER.

Be quiet, be quiet, I'm in the middle of a murder, and can't leave it unfiniſhed. If I don't diſpatch it ſoon, the Devil * will come before I am ready for him.

JACK.

Well ſaid, Peter.—You are a comical devil, I'm ſure.

BEN.

I hope you will make it bloody enough.

PETER.

Ay, ay, let me alone for a murder.

DICK.

George Crambo!

GEORGE.

Yo! ho!

* Meaning the Printer's errand-boy.

DICK.

DICK.

I want a rhyme.

GEORGE.

Juſt at this time?

DICK.

Poo,— poo,— don't be ſilly.—I want a rhyme to——

JACK.

You are always wanting a rhyme to ſomething, I think. There's no writing between you and George.

GEORGE.

Who hinders you?

JACK.

Both.—You are always chinking your chimes in my ears, that I hardly know what I write.

DICK.

Well, well, you may give yourſelf what airs you pleaſe, but take my word for it, you'll be glad of a couplet by and by to cloſe an act with ſpirit, and to ſend off your favourite actor with a cracker at his tail.

GEORGE.

Ay, ay, that you will.——How far are you got in your murder, Peter?

PETER.

'Twill ſoon be done. —— All their throats are cut from ear to ear, their ſkulls all beaten to a jelly, and their bowels barbarouſly ripped out of their bodies; and I am winding up the whole

narrative in ſuch a —— pathetic manner, that I dare ſay it will draw tears from a Thief-catcher.

JACK.

Well ſaid, Peter Paragraph, you out-do your uſual outdoings.—You paint a murder with ſuch terrible graces, that I hope you will try your hand at a rape next.

PETER.

That I leave for you.

JACK.

Bravo! That's wit, my boy; that's humour, you rogue. Where did you pick it up?

PETER.

Juſt where you was dropped by your mother.

JACK.

Don't be ſcurrilous, Peter, I ſhall take you off.

PETER.

I wiſh I could ſee you take me off.—I ſhould ſoon take you off in a manner you would not like.

GEORGE.

Come, come, don't let us quarrel.—We ſhall have old Vellum with us before we have finiſhed our work.

BEN.

Work! ay, faith, and curſed hard work too. Porters are happy dogs to us who labour with our heads for every morſel we eat. How hard is the labour of the brain!

GEORGE.

Whene'er we write againſt the grain.

JACK.

JACK.

Crambo, you are a nuiſance; my plot won't be worth a farthing, if you ſnap at every word, and make it tinkle with another.

BEN.

Now by th' immortal Gods!

GEORGE.

Two to one is odds.

PETER.

There—there it is.

BEN.

What?

PETER.

The murder I was about, as bloody a one as ever was committed——

JACK.

To the preſs.

BEN.

Let me read it.——'Twill make an excellent tragedy.—'Tis exquiſitely barbarous, bloody, and inhuman.

PETER.

Ay, ay, let me alone for a murder.

DICK.

Well, I don't envy your terrible talents. You will frighten half the women in town with that narrative.

PETER.

Never fear. They love ſomething to touch the tender paſſions.

BEN.

Moſt true, and as far as blood and blank verſe can go, theſe paſſions ſhall be touched upon in my maſſacre.

DIALOGUE III.

THE GROWN GENTLEMAN LEARNING TO DANCE.

SIR SOLOMON CLUMSY, MR. H——T.

Sir SOLOMON.

YOUR ſervant, ſir.

Mr. H——T.

Sir, your moſt obedient.

Sir SOLOMON.

Pray, ſir, is your name H——t?

Mr. H——T.

At your ſervice, ſir.

Sir SOLOMON.

Say no more—ſay no more—then I am right: and pray, ſir, I underſtand that you teach grown gentlemen to dance?

Mr. H——T.

I do, ſir.

Sir SOLOMON.

Say no more—that's enough, that's enough. —Why then, ſir—but firſt, by your leave, I muſt pull

pull off my gloves, and lay down my cane—there, that will do, —why then, ſir, you muſt know, --p-x take this tickling in my noſe,—that in the firſt place, I am a grown gentleman; and, in the ſecond, that I want to learn to dance.

Mr. H——T.

I ſhall be proud, ſir, to have a ſcholar of your appearance.

Sir SOLOMON.

As to appearance, that's all nonſenſe and ſtuff; I don't value myſelf upon that.—My name is Sir Solomon Clumſy.

Mr. H——T.

Sir Solomon, I beg pardon:—Why did'nt you inform me of your title before?

Sir SOLOMON.

Be quiet, be quiet; I hate all flattery.—I am come fourſcore miles on purpoſe to have a touch of your art.--My neighbours all told me that you was the moſt famous man in this ſort of work.—And to tell you the truth, but that's a ſecret between you and I, for I don't love to tell every body what I think—I am going to court a young lady, who vows and ſwears ſhe will have nothing to ſay to me,—and I know ſhe will keep her word, for ſhe is a d—d poſitive little thing,—till I have learnt to dance. She ſays,—an impertinent young baggage, that I don't know how to ſet one foot before another as I ſhould do. It is a little late in life, I confeſs.

Mr.

Mr. H——T.

Not at all, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

Yes, yes, 'tis a little late in life, but I am confoundedly in love, and better late than never.

Mr. H——T.

Certainly, Sir Solomon.—'Tis never too late to learn.

Sir SOLOMON.

Say no more,—that's true, that's true,—'tis never too late,—nev--er too late to learn.—— There cannot be a truer ſaying.—No there cannot.—But, ſpeak now as a friend; do you think you can make any thing of me?—You ſee my figure.

Mr. H——T.

A very good one, Sir Solomon; you have no reaſon to be aſhamed of it.

Sir SOLOMON.

Why, that's true. I have no reaſon to be aſhamed of that or any thing elſe, thank G—d, for I always keep myſelf out of debt.

Mr. H——T.

And that's the way to be out of danger, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

Give me your hand for that.—You ſay right. I find you underſtand your buſineſs.

Mr. H——T.

My buſineſs, Sir Solomon, is to prevent people from making falſe ſteps.

Sir

Sir SOLOMON.

Good again. I ſhall be heartily glad to ſee you at Clump-hall, that I ſhall—heartily glad, I aſſure you; and, I can tell you, I wou'dn't ſay ſo, if I didn't mean ſo,—no I wou'dn't. What I ſay, I will ſtand to. I hate all palaver.

Mr. H——T.

Sir Solomon, you do me a great deal of honour.

Sir SOLOMON.

Say no more,—I tell you, I hate all palaver. I ſuppoſe you are pretty tightly employed in this great city?

Mr. H——T.

From morning to night, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

Ay, that's all day long, I underſtand you.—But I fancy you teach nobody ſo old as I am?

Mr. H——T.

Old! Sir Solomon, why you do not in the leaſt look like an old man.

Sir SOLOMON.

Ay, but I am tho',—What ſignify looks, I go by feeling; and I feel myſelf not ſo young as I was.—Why now how old do you take me to be?—come, ſpeak honeſtly, and like a man.

Mr. H——T.

Not above forty, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

No flummery,—you don't ſpeak as you think.

Mr. H——T.

As I hope to be——

Sir

Sir SOLOMON.

Don't ſwear. — I am ſixty within a fortnight.

Mr. H——T.

Impoſſible!

Sir SOLOMON.

It may be impoſſible, but 'tis true, and I don't care who knows it. Some old people are aſhamed of being thought ſo; but I have no notion of mincing the matter. As long as a man is well, what ſignifies who knows how old he is? that's all a farce.

Mr. H——T.

All a farce, Sir Solomon, — but you might very well paſs for forty, if you choſe it.

Sir SOLOMON.

Ay, ay,—but, as I ſaid before, I believe you have no Scholars ſo old as I am?

Mr. H——T.

Older, Sir Solomon, much older.

Sir SOLOMON.

I am glad to hear that: then pray begin as ſoon as you pleaſe.

Mr. H——T.

Will you take your firſt leſſon now, Sir Solomon?

Sir SOLOMON.

Now, why not now? there's no time to be loſt at any time of life. I find I can't do what I could when I was a young fellow. I have been a briſk one in my days, and I have ſpirit now upon occaſion.

Mr.

Mr. H——T.

I ſee you have, Sir, Solomon, and doubt not but that you will do me credit.

Sir SOLOMON.

I'll do my beſt, and no man can do more;—but before we begin, let me aſk you a few queſtions, for I hate mortally to do things in a hurry,— hand-over-head.—Are we private?

Mr. H——T.

Quite ſo.

Sir SOLOMON.

And will nobody interrupt us?

Mr. H——T.

Nobody.—This room I keep on purpoſe for gentlemen who chuſe not to be ſeen.

Sir SOLOMON.

I underſtand you,—ſay no more,—that's very well. I don't care to be ſeen till I have had a few leſſons, and then I don't care who ſees me. Come, ſir, what muſt I do in the firſt place?

Mr. H——T.

Hold up your head, Sir Solomon, and walk a-croſs the room, with your toes turned out as wide as you can.

Sir SOLOMON.

Will that do?

Mr. H——T.

You are an exceeding good figure, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

Tolerable, tolerable. I am reckoned to be pretty well put together; thank G—d, I am ſound wind and limb.

Mr.

Mr. H——T.

I would not be a young girl in your way, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

You're a wag,—you're a wag,—but pray don't talk of girls; for if you do I ſhan't know what I am about.

Mr. H——T.

Your toes a little more out, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

There, will that do?

Mr. H——T.

Very well.—I ſee you will dance in a graceful ſtile in a ſhort time.

Sir SOLOMON.

Say no more,—ſay no more,—remember what I ſaid.

Mr. H——T.

I ſay nothing but what I think.

Sir SOLOMON.

And you really think I ſhall make ſomething of it?

Mr. H——T.

Moſt certainly.

Sir SOLOMON.

That's enough,—Is my head right?

Mr. H——T.

Perfectly.

Sir SOLOMON.

I am glad of it.—When ſhall I take the t'other leſſon?

Mr.

Mr. H——T.

When you pleaſe, Sir Solomon.

Sir SOLOMON.

To-morrow then, about this hour.

Mr. H——T.

I ſhall be ready to wait on you with infinite pleaſure.

Sir SOLOMON.

At it again, — you Londoners have ſuch a palavering way with you. — Well, I'll be with you to-morrow, — there is no time to loſe at any time of life. — And ſo you really think I ſhall make ſomething of it?

Mr. H——T.

I do indeed.

Sir SOLOMON.

Well, well, — I believe you, — ſay no more.

DIALOGUE IV.

THE PREVIOUS QUESTION.

MRS. FANSHAW, MISS. PLUNKET.

Miſs PLUNKET.

MY dear aunt, I am come to beg a little of your advice, on a very particular occaſion.

Mrs.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

On every occaſion, my dear niece, I will give you the beſt in my power.

Miſs PLUNKET.

I am ſure you will. I have no doubt of your ſincerity: you ever had a true regard for me; you are always very ſolicitous about my happineſs, and will, I know, do all in your power to promote it.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

That I certainly ſhall. — But why all this preamble, my dear? I long to know the ſecret with which your little heart is ready to burſt.

Miſs PLUNKET.

I am in the moſt perplexed ſituation imaginable, and quite at a loſs how to act.—I am addreſſed by two lovers, and the propoſals of both are too advantageous to be rejected by a girl in my circumſtances.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

From whence then ariſes your perplexity?

Miſs PLUNKET.

From my partiality in favour of one of them.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

Can you be puzzled in your choice after ſaying ſo?

Miſs PLUNKET.

I can. — I am puzzled, for tho' the man in whoſe favour I am prejudiced has a better underſtanding, a more amiable diſpoſition, and a greater number of natural and acquired accompliſhments,

pliſhments, than his rival, yet is the other not deſtitute of ſenſe, good-nature, and agreeableneſs, with a much larger eſtate. Do you wonder now that I am embarraſſed?

Mrs. FANSHAW.

I do; I marvel at your heſitation.

Miſs PLUNKET.

To make my ſituation more ſtriking, I will deſcribe their characters more minutely:—Mr. Fairchild is a man about five years older than myſelf, rather plain in his perſon, and not highly poliſhed in his manners; but he has an improved underſtanding, and a ſweetneſs of diſpoſition which make ſufficient amends for exterior diſadvantages: he has an eſtate of eight hundred a year, free from all incumbrances, and is improving it every day.—Mr. Jolliff is in perſon genteel, very polite in his addreſs, has a very good common underſtanding, and is not ill-natured. His eſtate is at leaſt three-fourths larger than Mr. Fairchild's, and he lives up to it with a great deal of ſpirit.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

By this deſcription I ſee with half an eye to which you are moſt inclined, and ſtill wonder at your embarraſſment. Mr. Fairchild is the man for whom I give my vote.

Miſs PLUNKET.

You are kind enough to ſay ſo becauſe you ſee that he has made an impreſſion on me, but if you were

were in Mr. Jolliff's company you would be more ſlow in your deciſion. — If their eſtates were equal I ſhould not have a doubt.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

You marry then with mercenary views?

Miſs PLUNKET.

I marry to better my fortune.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

That you will with eight hundred a year.

Miſs PLUNKET.

But is not fourteen hundred more deſirable?

Mrs. PLUNKET.

Certainly, if you take a man merely for his fortune.— But I will ſoon bring this affair to a concluſion. — Is Mr. Fairchild more agreeable to you in every reſpect than Mr. Jolliff?

Miſs PLUNKET.

He is.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

And you think you ſhould be happier with the former, tho' you might make a more ſhowey appearance with the latter?

Miſs PLUNKET.

I am ſure I ſhould.

Mrs. FANSHAW.

Oh, very well — Why then, I ſhall aſk but one queſtion more, —— Would you give up the poſſeſſion of happineſs at home, to the reputation of it abroad?

Miſs

Miſs. PLUNKET.

This queſtion requires conſideration.

Mrs. FANSAAW.

I am ſorry it does; for if you conſider about it you never can be happy.

DIALOGUE V.

THE CONNOISSEUR.

SIR SAMUEL SAPSKULL, MR. PYRAMID, MR. PALLET, MR. RUST, AND MR. COUPLET.

Mr. PYRAMID.

I Hope you like your mummy, Sir Samuel?

Sir SAMUEL.

Vaſtly, Mr. Pyramid, 'tis a prodigious pretty mummy. I forgot the place it came from?

Mr. PYRAMID.

Egypt, Sir Samuel.

Sir SAMUEL.

Oh, ay, ſo it was, ſo it was. — I remember when I was a boy I read ſomething about ſuch a place at the end of Lyttleton's Dictionary, but I have forgot my Latin. — Egypt, ay, ay, it was Egypt, famous for leeks, onions, and the Red-ſea, — Joſeph, Pharoah, and the other old gentle-

gentlemen in the Bible. — I ſuppoſe 'tis vaſtly altered now, Mr. Pyramid?

Mr. PYRAMID.

Very much, Sir Samuel.

Sir SAMUEL.

Ay, ay, time is the ruin of every thing.—We are all the worſe for wear, and very much altered! — Ay, no wonder, after ſo many years, —but thoſe ſame Gipſies, were clever fellows at building, — deviliſh ſtrong work, I aſſure you, —our new buildings wont ſtand half ſo long, — but that's neither here nor there, — there's a time for all things—Well, Mr. Pallet, what curious little picture have you got in your hand?

Mr. PALLET.

A curioſity indeed, Sir Samuel. It is a landſcape by Verdiprati; an original, and very ſcarce. —There is not above three of them in England. —Lord Bubble would have given half his gallery for it.

Sir SAMUEL.

And pray, ſir, what is the purchaſe of it?

Mr. PALLET.

An hundred guineas, Sir Samuel.

Sir SAMUEL.

An hundred guineas!— Why then let me tell you, 'tis a dear bit. No, no, I'll give you an hundred of my teeth as ſoon.

Mr. PALLET.

You are too haſty, Sir Samuel; if you will give yourſelf leave to examine it with attention,

you

you will, I believe, think it rather undervalued than over-rated.

Sir SAMUEL.

Why, 'tis as black as ink.

Mr. PALLET.

That's a proof of its age, Sir Samuel; age is a prodigious advantage to pictures, they are mellowed by time, Sir Samuel.

Sir SAMUEL.

I don't know what you mean by mellowed, not I, but I am ſure I never ſaw trees of ſuch a colour; you won't tell me, I hope, that theſe are green trees, will you?

Mr. PALLET.

Nothing but age, Sir Samuel. The darkneſs of the colouring is a proof of its antiquity.—It is executed in a very fine ſtile.

Sir SAMUEL.

That ſtile is well enough, to be ſure; I have gone over many a ſuch in my time. But 'tis a dear bit for all that.— There's Tom Bruſher will touch up a picture, for a quarter of the money, as bright as noon-day, that will dazzle your eyes to look at it.—I hate theſe black trees.

Mr. PALLET.

They are only judiciouſly ſhaded, Sir Samuel.

Sir SAMUEL.

Shaded!—Yes, yes, they are ſhaded indeed, and you may ſend them to the ſhades below if you pleaſe, for I won't darken my room with them, I aſſure you.

Mr.

Mr. PALLET.

I am ſorry to hear you ſay ſo, becauſe your taſte will be univerſally condemned. — Your neighbour, Sir Solomon, gave more money for another, by the ſame hand not half ſo black.— A Verdiprati, Sir Samuel, is not to be met with every day.

Sir SAMUEL.

Ha, ha,—ſay you ſo,—why then, Mr. Verdopratto was a very clever fellow, a ve--ry clever fellow indeed,—for I am ſure Sir Solomon would'nt throw away his money upon every piece of painted cloth,—— no, no,— he knows better things than to buy a bad commodity, — and ſo, ſir, you may leave your Verdopratto,— and here, ——— here is a draught upon my banker. 'Tis a little upon the gloomy order to be ſure; however, I'll hang Mr. Verdopratto up in the ſun, and then we will ſee what he would be at.

Mr. PALLET.

Sir Samuel, your ſervant.—I'll tell Sir Solomon what a capital purchaſe you have made, and that will make him ready to run mad.

Sir SAMUEL.

Ay, do, do.—but he ſha'nt have my Verdopratto tho', if he would give me double the money for it, no he ſhan't,—no, no, as I have got hold of a good thing, let me alone to keep it.

Mr. COUPLET.

A man of your taſte for painting, Sir Samuel, muſt

muſt certainly have alſo a taſte for poetry; for poetry and painting are ſiſter arts.

Sir SAMUEL.

Ay, poetry is a very pretty kind of an art: I am a little dabbler myſelf that way. I believe I never repeated a few verſes I made on a girl I was playing the fool with ſome years ago.

Mr. COUPLET.

You will give us all, I will venture to ſay, an infinite pleaſure, by repeating them.

Sir SAMUEL.

Her name was Dolly Flap, her father was a man of no kind of conſequence: a poor man: but love makes no difference.

Mr. COUPLET.

None at all, Sir Samuel; for love is lord of all, and is in all the ſame.

Sir SAMUEL.

Ay, ay, ſo it is from the king to the chimney-ſweeper.—But to the purpoſe.

Dolly, when dizen'd out with art,
Kindles a fire in my heart,
But ſets my ſoul into a blaze,
Whene'er ſhe is—without her ſtays.—

Theſe lines were ſpoken off-hand, extempore. I never ſtudy for my rhymes, they come of themſelves.

Mr. COUPLET.

They are quite eaſy and familiar.

Sir SAMUEL.

I think they are,—and if you obſerve, after I have kindled my fire, I ſurprize you with a blaze before you expect it: I love to ſay *multum in parvum.* I hate beating about the buſh, and going a round-about way to work.

Mr. COUPLET.

You ſay right, Sir Samuel; and it is the mark of true genius to couch a great deal of meaning in a little compaſs.

Sir SAMUEL.

I ſhall be glad of your company to dine with me, Mr. Couplet; I have ſome more things to read to you.

Mr. RUST.

Sir Samuel, if you have leiſure to look over the medals, I have brought a ſmall collection for your entertainment, with which I believe you will be highly pleaſed. Without medals, you will not have a true reliſh for painting nor poetry.

Sir SAMUEL.

Well, Mr. Ruſt, I thank you for bringing them, and after dinner we will examine them; but Mr. Coupee waits to teach me a new ſtep, and Mr. Crotchet a new tune, and when they have done, I ſhall have my head clear for other things.

Mr. RUST.

They are juſt come from Herculaneum.

Sir

Sir SAMUEL.

Out with them then directly.—Why did'nt you tell me ſo before?—If they have been buried ſo long they muſt be good things.

DIALOGUE VI.

THE MORNING-WALK.

NED FREEMAN, JACK THORNTON.

(In the Park.)

JACK.

SO, Ned, you are lolling at your eaſe, and making obſervations on the moving picture before you.

NED.

I am, and if you have an inclination to be highly diverted, you have nothing to do, but to ſit down and examine the various figures which paſs and repaſs in review. Their dreſſes will amuſe the eye, and their manners will employ the mind.

JACK.

Turn yourſelf out of that lazy poſture, and make room for me. You, and your long legs together, take up the whole bench.

NED.

There then,—now I hope there is room enough for your fat ſides.

JACK.

Ay, that will do;—well, now you may begin with your obſervations as ſoon as you pleaſe, for I know, tho' no man loves his eaſe more than you do, no man is leſs idle. The Park is full enough to engage our attention, without diſtracting it.

NED.

You are right,—when it is crowded, the ſucceſſion of objects is ſo quick thas your eye is confuſed, and your imagination diſturbed. Do you ſee that young fellow in green and gold?

JACK.

With his hat flapped, and a jemmy in his hand, with a girl dangling at each elbow?

NED.

The ſame. There is not a more curious character about town. You ſee his figure;—no way promiſing;—rather frightful.—Don't you think ſo?

JACK.

Certainly,—He is as bandy-legged as B——, and ſquints like W———.

NED.

No matter for that, he thinks himſelf a very pretty gentleman;—you ſee he does by his looks. —Would he be content with plain cloaths, he might paſs in a crowd without cenſure, but while he

He dreſſes up deformity with lace, and makes himſelf a mark for obſervation, how can he eſcape it? Thoſe who have eyes muſt ſee his folly, and thoſe who have tongues will condemn it.

JACK.

What pains ſome people take, and how much money they throw away only to be laughed at?

NED.

No body takes more pains, and ſpends more money for that purpoſe, than George Benſon.

JACK.

Well, but notwithſtanding the frightfulneſs of his perſons, the girls are ready to jump over his back,—you never meet him without a brace at leaſt hanging about him, as if they would devour him.

NED.

As to that, the dog is maſter of all the ſoft parts of converſation, and is as complete a woman's man as ever lived. He has a ſmooth tongue, a winning addreſs, and can wheedle like the devil. But was he not ſuch a ſmooth-ſpoken, winning, wheedling gentleman, he has a large independent fortune, and ——

JACK.

Ay, that indeed is a circumſtance very ſtrongly in his favour, without which I believe his inſinuating accompliſhments would be hardly ſufficient to over-ballance his perſonal imperfections.

NED.

You are too ſevere, Jack, to ſuppoſe that the fair-ſex are ſo mercenary, as to think highly of a man merely for his money.

JACK.

The encouragement which George meets from them, and the liberties they allow him to take with them—— but this is a very improper place for the diſcuſſion of ſo delicate a ſubject; beſides, George is croſſing to this walk.

NED.

Then I'll tell you more of his hiſtory another time. Come, ſhall we move?

JACK.

With all my heart.

NED.

Theſe eaſterly winds are curſed troubleſome. —I wiſh I have not caught cold by ſitting ſo long.

JACK.

Why, to tell you the truth, Ned, I wondered to ſee you ſo compoſed with ſuch a whiſtling about your ears.—Don't you think that ſcarlet coat prepoſterouſly long?

NED.

Long! why it looks more like a banyan than a coat.

JACK.

It is certainly of an unfaſhionable length, for every body takes particular notice of ie.

NED.

NED.

'Tis true, but as the wearer has very much the appearance of a man of faſhion in other reſpects, I conclude he has a paſſion for ſingularity.—A very prevailing paſſion among my good countrymen.

JACK.

You have, I believe, very rightly accounted for this phœnomenon in dreſs—and therefore, I recommend to your notice that curious perſonage who ſeems to excite equal attention, by the ſingularity of his behaviour.

NED.

What! Dick Die-a-way?

JACK.

Is that Die-a-way?

NED.

Yes.—Have you forgot your old ſchool-fellow?

JACK.

He is ſtrangely altered.—I never ſaw a more finiſhed coxcomb. How he ſtruts along? and, with how much importance he meaſures his ſteps.

NED.

His walk, indeed, is a ſtrut: every motion has the ſtudied air of a dancing-maſter, and not the graceful eaſe of a gentleman.

JACK.

That is in your opinion and mine, but in his own, I dare ſay, he is a Gallini.

NED.

Dick, to be ſure, has an extreme good opinion of himſelf, and if he would let himſelf alone, and not aſſume ſo many conſequential airs, he would be as generally admired as he is now generally deſpiſed.—His vanity is inſupportable.

JACK.

It is; indeed there is an inſolence in his face I cannot bear.—I believe, as you ſay, he would be very well liked if he would let himſelf alone, for he is a good figure, is genteelly made, and has nothing mean in his aſpect.—I think I have heard you ſay, he behaved in a ſcandalous manner in Mr. L———s family.

NED.

He did, by flying off from his engagements with Miſs ——, when every thing had been ſettled for their marriage. But he is famous for ſuch behaviour, and has ſerved half a dozen girls in the ſame manner.

JACK.

For which I look upon him as an infamous fellow, and ſhall not be ſurpriſed to hear that he is run through the body.

NED.

But I ſhall be very much ſurpriſed.—No no,—believe me, Dick's body will never be in danger, while he has the uſe of his legs——He has been often poſted for a coward, but Dick is quite eaſy about it.—You may pull him by the noſe, with great ſecurity, or ——; thoſe are familiarities

ties he is uſed to, and which he bears with the patience of a philoſopher.

JACK.

A philoſopher?—well,—I have no patience with ſuch wretches,—but it grows late.—I have an appointment at three, and muſt leave you to your own reflections.

NED.

Which way lies your engagement?

JACK.

In Pallmall.

NED.

I am going to dine in that neighbourhood.—Allons!

DIALOGUE VII.*

THE HONEST ENGLISHMAN; OR, ANTIGALLICAN.

SIR FRANCIS WHEAT, LADY WHEAT, MISS WHEAT, AND MR. SIMMER, THE MERCER.

Lady WHEAT.

OH! Mr. Simmer, I'm glad to ſee you.—Was you not ſhockingly alarmed at the proceedings of thoſe wretches from Spitalfields;

* This Dialogue was written in the year 1765.

a pack of grumbling fellows, what would they have?

Mr. SIMMER.

Such people are never ſatisfied, madam; they might always find employment if they would, but they are too idle to ſtick to their work; and then they complain that they are ſtarved. But they will get nothing by mobbing me; as long as I am ſupported by people of faſhion, I ſhall not care a pin for their petitions.

Miſs WHEAT.

No, no, Mr. Simmer, no more I would if I was you. A pretty thing indeed to be governed by a mob.

Sir FRANCIS.

Ha! is it ſo, miſs?—and who made you a judge of theſe matters?——How ſhould you know any thing about the conſtitution?—Mobs are very uſeful things, I can tell you, girl, and I don't doubt but the green aprons made ſome folks look blue.

Lady WHEAT.

Fie, fie, Sir Francis, why will you caſt reflections at people of faſhion?

Sir FRANCIS.

Faſhion! fiddleſtick of the faſhion!—What, are people of faſhion to encourage foreign manufactures without being taken notice of? If that's the caſe, good-bye liberty, we ſhall be in a precious pickle if our grievances are not redreſſed.

Miſs

Miſs WHEAT.

You make me laugh, papa, to hear you talk of grievances with your eſtate.

Sir FRANCIS.

Why, that's true,——that's true to be ſure,—I have a pretty tolerable eſtate, that I have;—but the good of my country, daughter, the good of my country; that's the thing that troubles me.

Lady WHEAT.

O pray don't trouble yourſelf about your country, for I don't find you are like to get a ſhilling by all the noiſe you make about it. Come, Mr. Simmer,—let me ſee your ſilks, have you any French ones?

Sir FRANCIS (to SIMMER.)

Why, I hope you have not the aſſurance to offer any French frippery at my houſe?

Lady WHEAT.

Pray be quiet, Sir Francis, people of the firſt faſhion wear them, and I would rather be buried alive in our fens, than not appear like ſomebody of conſequence.

Sir FRANCIS.

Well, well, well,—have your own way, and then I hope you will be pleaſed; but whenever you go abroad with any French things on, I wiſh heartily you may be inſulted, that's all.

Miſs WHEAT.

O, I ſhan't mind that, papa.

Sir

Sir FRANCIS.

O, no to be ſure, miſs, you have been finely brought up by your mother.—You are a true woman, you love all prohibited things.

Lady WHEAT.

This is the ſweeteſt ſilk I ever ſaw, Mr. Simmer.

Mr. SIMMER.

I believe, madam, your ladyſhip won't find a more elegant pattern in London.

Sir FRANCIS.

But is it French or Engliſh? anſwer me that queſtion.

Mr. SIMMER.

Why really, Sir Francis, I,—I,—

Sir FRANCIS.

Come, come, let me have no humming nor hawing.—Does it come from France?

Mr. SIMMER.

Not directly, Sir Francis.

Sir FRANCIS.

Why then it came indirectly, and I'll have nothing to ſay to it.

Mr. SIMMER.

To tell you the truth, Sir Francis, it was made in France, but it came to me from Italy. I paid the duty, and received it as an Italian conſignment.

Sir FRANCIS.

Good lack, good lack, what a round-about way ſome people take to evade an Act of Parliament.

ment.——Mr. Simmer, ſir, pray take both your ſilks and yourſelf away immediately, for I won't ſuffer my family to have any thing to do with ſuch a double dealer.

Lady WHEAT.

Well, but my dear, don't put yourſelf into a paſſion. The ſilks are very pretty, exceſſively genteel, and quite faſhionable, whether they are French or Italian, and as Mr. Simmer has paid the duty, you know it does not ſignify what people ſay afterwards.

Sir FRANCIS.

Ay, but it does tho'.—I don't love ſuch ſhuffling work, ſuch hocus-pocus doings. I love every thing fair and above-board.—I am ſure till every thing is done ſo, we ſhall make but a poor figure with our frenchified taſte. We ſhall always make a poor figure, take my word for it.

Miſs WHEAT.

La! papa, you have ſuch old faſhioned notions about your country.

Sir FRANCIS.

Old faſhioned! ay, and I glory in them. I have a true regard for the welfare of Old England, and can't bear to ſee a pack of powder-monkeys out-wit us.

Lady WHEAT.

Well, my dear, do pray keep your notions to yourſelf, and let Harriot and I alone to talk with Mr. Simmer, for 'tis impoſſible that you ſhould know what's proper for us to wear.

Sir

Sir FRANCIS.

No to be ſure;—but, I ſuppoſe, I am to pay for your fine things?

Lady WHEAT.

Pay for them,—why who ſhould?—Have I not a right to them all?—You have forgot what a fortune I brought you.

Sir FRANCIS.

Well, well—ſay nothing about that, I've done, I've done,—— but I don't love theſe french-ified doings. We ſhall never be a flouriſhing people as long as we diſcourage our own countrymen, and make ſo much of foreigners,—and there's an end to the affair.

(Exit.)

Miſs WHEAT.

La! ma'am, what an odd humour papa is in this morning.

Lady WHEAT.

Ay, child, his minority-notions muddle his brain.—You muſt not mind him, Mr. Simmer,—he has ſtrange whims about politics.

Mr. SIMMER.

Why, ma'am, Sir Francis is not particular, I find ſeveral gentlemen have the ſame whims, but 'tis not my buſineſs to oppoſe them.

Lady WHEAT.

No, no, you are right;—and may leave your ſilks, for I am determined to have them.

Mr. SIMMER.

Your ladyſhip's requeſts are always commands.

DIA-

DIALOGUE VIII.

THE

TOWN LADY IN RETIREMENT.

LADY BAB BRISK, MRS. MILDMAY.

Lady BAB.

ALL this is very true.—You are pleaſantly ſituated, I confeſs, but I ſhould die if I was to live here.—To me, the country is immenſely ſtupid without company. Old people, who have done with the world, may, perhaps, make a ſhift to exiſt, but how a woman, at your time of life, and with your accompliſhments, can endure to be buried alive, is beyond my comprehenſion.—This hideous, long avenue, to your houſe, my dear, is enough to throw me into the vapours. I ſhall never bear the ſight of trees again as long as I live.

Mrs. MILDMAY.

You may rally me as much as you pleaſe on my ruſticated turn, and breathe nothing but aſtoniſhment at the oppoſition of my ſentiments to your own, but I doubt your Ladyſhip will find me an incorrigible creature, and neither to be rallied nor reaſoned out of my preſent way of life, which, to me, is delightful beyond expreſſion.

preſſion. I wonder, not, indeed, that, to a woman of your Ladyſhip's lively diſpoſition, who thinks there is no happineſs in this world but in a crowd, I wonder not, I ſay, that to you, the ſequeſtered ſcenes, and private paths of life, are ſo "immenſely ſtupid." Certainly they muſt be ſo, and I therefore ſet a particular value on this viſit, becauſe I am convinced, that a regard for an old friend, could be your Ladyſhip's only motive for rolling to my retreat.

Lady B A B.

You are quite right, I aſſure you,——and you dont know what pleaſure it would give me to draw you from theſe rural, theſe ſolitary, attachments, I may call them, for the little ſociety here muſt be ſhocking, and inſpire you with a taſte for the faſhionable diverſions of the age. You may call this ſober ſcheme of yours exiſtence, but indeed, dear Mildmay, it is not life. There is nothing rapturous, nothing tranſporting in it. The ſame dull objects appear every day before your eyes.——I ſwear I ſhould be as mopiſh as a methodiſt if I lived with you a week.

Mrs. M I L D M A Y.

I believe you ſpeak the truth,—but will no your Ladyſhip allow that people with different diſpoſitions may be extremely happy in different ſituations? The faſhionable diverſions of the age which have ſuch bewitching attractions for your Ladyſhip, have no charms for me. From

our

our infancy you may remember, we were ever moſt unlike in our tempers and our taſtes, and very early diſcovered in our girliſh days, our ruling paſſions.—*My* higheſt joy was to ſtroll along the banks of a tranſparent river, and muſe upon the beauties of the creation; and *your* ſupreme delight was to ſtand at a glaſs, when you could get at it, and admire your pretty face, and to ſit in a window to be admired by others.

Lady B A B.

It was ſo, indeed, and to tell you the truth, my ruling paſſion at this inſtant, is the love of admiration. I ſhould die if I was not admired. To what purpoſe has nature beſtowed charms on us, if we ſhut them up from the world?—No, no, my dear, it is time enough to converſe with the dead, when we ceaſe to have attractions for the living.——You are not in the leaſt enviable, in my eyes, with your books and your rooks, green-fields, and purling ſtreams.——I never could endure ſtill life.

Mrs. M I L D M A Y.

Nor could I ever bear the buſtle of the world. Happy is it, therefore, for both of us that fortune has put it into our power to live agreeably to our inclinations. You find in my Lord all you can wiſh in a man, for I believe your Ladyſhip you do with him what you will.

Lady B A B.

Ay, that I can. He is a good creature, and never thinks of thwarting me in any thing. I ſhould

ſhould be miſerable with a man who would not indulge me in all my whims.

Mrs. MILDMAY.

Your Ladyſhip is, I own, extremely happy in that reſpect; and I dare ſay, my Lord is never ſo well pleaſed as when he is contributing to your felicity. In that you ſeem to be made for each other, as much as my dear Mildmay and I, though we are ſo totally different in our deſires in our deſires and purſuits.

Lady BAB.

I can believe all that you ſay with regard to your own domeſtic happineſs, becauſe I don't think there is a more good-natured man in the world than Mr. Mildmay. But pray, my dear creature, how do you paſs your time? Are you not very often in a horrible way, and ready to hang yourſelves during the winter months?

Mrs. MILDMAY.

I am glad to find that it is only in the winter months that your Ladyſhip thinks we may be rather in a queer way.——You can then bring yourſelf to ſuppoſe that one half of the year at leaſt may paſs away tolerably well?

Lady BAB.

No no,—I will not allow even the ſummer months to paſs away tolerably well in the narrow circle you are ſo fond of; but if I was in your place, I ſhould be abſolutely in terrors at the approach of winter, or indeed any gloomy weather.

Mrs.

Mrs. MILDMAY.

Your Ladyſhip has a moſt dreadful idea of retirement; but no place is dull with the converſation of thoſe we love.

Lady BAB.

There I differ from you; and I dare ſay that you and Mr. Mildmay, as much as you love each other, are glad of a little company to change the ſcene.

Mrs. MILDMAY.

Certainly. A few ſenſible companions now and then are very agreeable; but, I aſſure your Ladyſhip, that we never complain of the tediouſneſs of time.—Glad as we are ſometimes to ſee the faces of our friends, we are not ſo deſtitute of amuſement as you, perhaps, may imagine.

Lady BAB.

Amuſement? Well I ſhould not have thought of that.

Mrs. MILDMAY.

What you call amuſement, is hurrying about from place to place, and hardly allowing yourſelf time to ſleep;—of ſuch amuſement I have no idea.—Reading, working, writing letters to my friends, walking (whenever the weather will permit), looking after all my domeſtic affairs, and———

Lady BAB.

O horrid! Are theſe your amuſe---ments? I ſhall never love the word again. Theſe are abſolute employments, drudgeries; the very thinking of them fatigues me.

Mrs.

Mrs. MILDMAY.

I find, Lady Bab, that if you and I were to talk on this ſubject till doom's-day, we ſhould not be of one mind about it. Our different attachments are too ſtrong to be removed. As for myſelf I make no ſcruple to own that you might as well attempt to ſoften rocks as to root out my ruſtic ideas, and plant your town ſentiments in their room.

Lady BAB.

And I, as ſincerely declare, that you might as well undertake to bend the knotted oak, as to make me a convert to your own opinion, and ſo adieu. — Life's but a ſpan, I'll every inch enjoy.

DIALOGUE IX.

THE VISITING-DAY.

Miss PLUMTREE, Mrs. BLIGHT, Miss PERT, Mrs. FREELOVE, Mrs. OTTER.

Mrs. OTTER's Viſiting-Day.

Mrs. FREELOVE.

PRAY, Mrs. Otter, have you heard how Mrs. Briſtow likes her little retreat?

Mrs. OTTER.

Extremely, madam,—ſhe has a very neat, commodious houſe, prettily fitted up, and quite calculated for her purpoſe. There is a ſmall, but well-

well-fitted garden belonging to it, in which, as ſhe is very fond of plants and flowers, ſhe ſpends much of her time, and amuſes herſelf very agreeably. I had a letter from her this morning, one of the prettieſt rural pieces I ever read.

Mrs. FREELOVE.

I was very ſorry to find that ſhe was under a neceſſity of making a decent retreat from London, and draw her affairs into a narrower compaſs, but am heartily glad to hear that ſhe is happy in her new ſituation, and hope ſhe will always find it ſo.——She has given ſufficient proops both of the ſtrength of her underſtanding and the goodneſs of her heart, by the uniform conſiſtency of her behaviour, ſince that ugly affair happened.

Mrs. OTTER.

'Twas, indeed, a very ugly affair, and I don't know any woman who would have behaved like her in ſuch trying circumſtances.—Have you been to ſee her, Miſs Pert?

Miſs PERT.

No ma'am, not yet, but I fully intend it when my coachman pleaſes,—but one of the horſes is out of order.

Mrs. OTTER.

A certain friend of ours would be glad, I believe, of a corner in your carriage: you know who I mean, I ſee by your looks.

Miſs PERT.

Yes, yes, I know who you mean by your certain perſon; but you muſt know that certain per-

perſon has preſſed me to carry her, in ſo very impertinent a manner, that I am determined not to take her.—I don't underſtand ſuch treatment from any body.

Mrs. BLIGHT.

Your back is ſoon up, I think, miſs, indeed;—if you are as quick at conceiving after you are married, as you are now, you will ſoon have your houſe full of little ones.

Miſs PERT.

I think, Mrs. Blight, that you have nothing to do in the affair, and had better keep your conceptions to yourſelf.—I am not to be told how to act, by you or any body.——I hope I am arrived at years of diſcretion, though I don't pretend to have lived ſo long as you in the world.

Miſs PLUMPTREE.

Pray, Miſs Pert, have you been at the exhibition?

Miſs PERT.

Which, ma'am?

Miſs PLUMPTREE.

The Spring-garden you may be ſure, for that is fulleſt.

Miſs PERT.

The fullneſs of a room, ma'm, is no proof of the excellence of the collection, but rather of the caprice of the town. I have been to both exhibitions; and think there are as many capital pictures, I ſpeak with regard to the intrinſic merit of the artiſts, not their popularity, in Maiden-lane, as in Spring-gaaden,

Mrs.

Mrs. OTTER.

Is there not a very curious portrait at the latter place?

Miſs PERT.

What, the little lady, a whole length?—Yes, that is certainly a curioſity in painting, but I don't think they have placed her in a good light.

Miſs PLUMPTREE.

Don't you doat on the young princes by Miſs Reid?

Miſs PERT.

O yes, ſweet creatures! they make a charming picture. ——— She is particularly happy in her children.

Miſs FREELOVE.

I didn't know ſhe was married.

Mrs. BLIGHT.

No, madam, but ſome ladies are not overnice about forms and ceremonies.

Miſs PERT.

That is a very ill-natured ſpeech, Mrs. Blight; you have put a conſtruction on my words which I did not intend. I ſpoke of her only as an artiſt.

Mrs. BLIGHT.

If you will make uſe of words which will bear two interpretations, you muſt not wonder if———

Miſs PERT.

If you put a wrong one. ——— That I never ſhall I aſſure you.—Pray, Mrs. Otter, how did your nephew go through his journey to ——?

Mrs.

Mrs. OTTER.

Better than we expected, ma'am; but he is in ſo declining a way, I am afraid that he can never get over another winter.—He is ſo emaciated ſince you ſaw him, that you would not know him, I believe.

Mrs. BLIGHT.

I think I heard you ſay he had an *abbeſs* on his lungs?

Mrs. OTTER.

An abceſs, ma'am, I believe you mean. Why ſo we once thought; but in ſhort, we don't know how to account for ſo waſting a diſorder. ——— Was you at Ranelagh laſt night, Miſs Pert?

Miſs PERT.

Yes, ma'am, and exceſſively crowded; but public places are horrid dull if you are not almoſt ſqueezed to death in them.

Miſs PLUMPTREE.

Did you ſee any of your old neighbours there?

Miſs PERT.

Only the man's daughter who ſells beer, — and ſhe was frightfully over-dreſſed.

Mrs. OTTER.

This fine weather, ladies, will, I ſuppoſe, ſend you all into the country ſoon.

Miſs PERT.

I am quite ſick of London, I aſſure you, but my mother is ſo ſlow in her motions, that I ſuppoſe

poſe we ſhan't leave it till the ſummer is half over. I am almoſt ſmothered in this filthy city.

Mrs. B L I G H T.

Well, thank G—d, I can paſs my time very agreeably in this filthy city.

Miſs O T T E R.

Ay, ay, Mrs. Blight, you and I will ſtand up for our filthy city. When we cannot conveniently change our ſituations, we ſhould do all in our power to make them agreeable.

Miſs P E R T.

I envy not your taſte. I never can be of your mind.

Mrs. O T T E R.

Nor can we be of yours; but, is it not happy for us all, that our opinions are ſo different? Were we all of one mind about the ſame thing, I doubt not but we ſhould worry one another more than we do at preſent with our oppoſitions.

DIALOGUE X.

HIGH-TASTE IN LOW-LIFE.

TOM DRY, HARRY QUICK.

HARRY.

YOU ſeem, Tom, to be uncommonly diſpoſed to laugh this morning. What has ſo powerfully provoked your muſcles of riſibility.

TOM.

Why, to tell you the truth, I can hardly compoſe my features ſufficiently to inform you. But

if you will have a little patience, I'll make you as merry as myſelf.

HARRY.

Well, pray take your own time. I know what it is to be ſo over-powered by a number of merry conceits, as to be totally unable to communicate thoſe conceits to my friends. But you begin to look decently ſerious, and perhaps may be now ready to relate the facetious occurrences you have met with. You have raiſed my expectations, and I long——

TOM.

Why then, not to ſpoil your longing, you muſt know that I amjuſt come from my ſhoe-maker's.

HARRY.

Who is the laſt man in the world, I ſhould think of, to afford you any mirthful ideas; for ſurely a more ſolemn mortal never exiſted.

TOM.

True, but he has a curious wife, and a choice daughter; and if you had ſeen thoſe perſonages in the ſituation I found them, moſt comically contraſted to each other, you would have owned that Collet never drew a more Hogarthian groupe. You would not, I am afraid, have kept your countenance ſo well as I did mine; though, certainly, it was not without doing great violence to my features, that I prevented them from betraying the motions of my mind. But all this, you will ſay is nothing to the purpoſe. It would puzzle Jonas himſelf to gueſs at the employment

ployment of Mrs. Criſpin, and her dainty daughter.

HARRY.

I am ſure it puzzles me horribly to gueſs at the end of your narration by the beginning of it. You ſee, by my looks, that I watch every motion of your lips with the greateſt attention; and, therefore, I believe, that you take no ſmall pleaſure in keeping me, on what you yourſelf call the tenter hooks of impatience.

TOM.

Well then, to put an end to your ſuſpence.—You know what Swift ſays about ſuſpence.—"Suſpence, ſays he, is the life of a ſpider."—— Mrs. Criſpin was—— but before I tell you how ſhe was employed, I muſt deſcribe the room into which I was with much ceremony introduced, and the taſty manner (I make uſe of her own words), in which it was furniſhed.

HARRY.

Pſha!—there is abſolutely no bearing theſe interruptions.——You will make me fume like a parſon when his tythes are diſputed. Prythee, Tom, let me beg a truce to digreſſions.

TOM.

With all my heart,—but I muſt deſcribe the room, and its furniture both ornamental and uſeful. The parlour behind the ſhop was the room into which, with much ceremony, I was introduced. When I ſay it would ſtand completely in your cloſet at ——; you will, without my

drawing its dimenſions, have a perfect idea of its ſize, but not of the manner it was ſet off for company. As the portraits ſtruck me firſt, I ſhall firſt take notice of them: — the moſt hideous wooden repreſentations of their majeſties ſtared full at me as I entered, deplorably coloured, or rather diſcoloured, for ſuch terrible tints I never ſaw. But as I looked upon them as proofs of honeſt Criſpin's loyalty and patriotic ſpirit, I told him I was glad to ſee he had ſuch a good Engliſh taſte. To this ſpeech he was prevented from making any reply, by Mrs. Criſpin, who, with a profuſion of curt'ſies, ſaid, "You "make us vaſt proud to admire our pictures; "we loves to have things handſum about us, and, "to be ſure, as I told my huſband, we ought "to encourage our own people before outlandiſh "folks. Well, great people will do as they like, "that's a ſure thing, but I think, howſumdever, "that it would he better and deſſenter in them "to encourage our own manufacters, than "give the Lord knows how much more for "French fallals, which an't half ſo good as our "commodities. But, as I ſaid, great people "will do as they like, and there's no help for it; "only, I ſay, it mought be better, if they "thought more of their own country, and pre-"farred it to another's." "You ſay right, Mrs. "Criſpin, replied I; but, as you obſerve, great "people will do as they like. However, let "them do as they pleaſe, your ſpirit is highly to "be commended, and I wiſh every woman in

"the

" the kingdom, ay, in the three kingdoms, thought " in the ſame way." " Ah, ſir, replied ſhe, you " make me vaſt proud by condeſcending to like " what I ſays. I am a blunt ſpoken woman, and " if king George was in my parlour, I ſhould " tell him the truth, for I am downright Dun- " ſtable."——In this manner ſhe would have run on an hour (by Shrewſbury clock), if I had not turned about to examine the other ornaments about the room, which were as excellent in their way.

HARRY.

I believe, my friend, you would make a capital figure upon the ſtage in a farce, you have ſo admirable a knack at taking off a ridiculous character. But proceed.

TOM.

I am afraid I ſhall tire you with my prolixity, but—

HARRY.

But?—but what? I wiſh you would go on,—you make me mad with impatience.

TOM.

Perhaps I am the more tedious in my narrative in order to give you a leſſon on the advantage of patience. I am ſorry to ſee you ſo impatient. Till you correct yourſelf, you will never make a good hearer.

HARRY.

Upon my life, Tom, you will drive me into a deviliſh paſſion, if you don't make more haſte.

TOM.

Well, dear Harry, I will plague you no more with my digreſſions. In ſhort, the little parlour was ſo crowded with Mr. Bowles's ingenious performances, and the bell-man's verſes (the firſt to amuſe the eye, and the laſt to improve the mind,) that I could not help ſmiling at Criſpin's happy taſte in painting and poetry. Between the pictures and the poems, ſcutcheons were prudently intermixed, to put us in mind of mortality. The mantel piece was adorned with jars and joſſes, which the lady of an Indian director need not be aſhamed of, and contraſted with a pipkin, a pepper-box, braſs candleſticks, and kitchen utenſils, which made a very whimſical appearance. Mrs. Criſpin herſelf is a good ſort of a notable woman, without any pretenſions to beauty or grace; quite a domeſtic creature, and not in the leaſt ſolicitous about dreſs. But Mrs. Criſpin has notwithſtanding her ſhare of pride. Plain in her apparel, and decent in every reſpect, ſhe does all the houſhold-work herſelf. She keeps no maid, but works like a horſe to bring up her daughter in lazineſs: Miſs Criſpin is a little ſturdy freſh-coloured girl; and might be of great ſervice to her mother, but Mrs. Criſpin chuſes to ſee her daughter dreſſed up in a tawdry, frippery, ſhabbily-genteel manner; in ſhort, to exhibit her for a beauty. The girl has a pair of black eyes, and a couple of ruddy cheeks, and will certainly be ruined by her education. Poor Criſpin is extremely induſtrious, and makes excellent

excellent ſhoes, but with all his induſtry, he with much ado can make both ends meet; and I am afraid, by the falſe pride of his good wife, for good ſhe is notwithſtanding, he will be forced to ſhut up his ſhop.

HARRY.

What a number of words have you employed to inform me, that falſe pride in one part of the family is often the ruin of the whole! But is this a laughing matter? For my part I can ſtrike out no mirth from your family-piece; I pity the Criſpins with all my heart.

TOM.

Why, I am ſorry to ſee people ſo wrong-headed; but if we ſit down, and pity all the fooliſh parents in the world, we ſhould have enough to do. I could not ſee the ridiculous attempts to be fine in the midſt of poverty, I could not ſee Criſpin and his wife, ragged themſelves, and making a miſerable ſhow, without encouraging the admiſſion of ludicrous ideas; and

"Had you been in my place, why you'd ha'
"done the ſame."

DIALOGUE XI.

THE METHODIST.

W——D, TOM BANKS.

W——D.

WELL, Tom, have you brought me any money for your poor brethren in diſtreſs?

TOM.

Yes, God bleſs them, I have brought all I had by me.

W——D.

Never mind that; "He that giveth to the "poor lendeth to the Lord." You will certainly go to heaven for being ſo charitable.

TOM.

I hope ſo, for I have been a ſad dog.

W——D.

So much the better, — if you repent ſincerely.

TOM.

That I do, — that I do, — but I am afraid ſometimes that my ſins are too great to be forgiven.—I am ſorely out of heart about them.

W——D.

Never fear, Tom; the more crimes you have committed, if, as I have ſaid before, your repentance

pentance is ſincere, the more reaſon you have to expect ſalvation. If your faith is ſtrong, you need not be terrified about your paſt life; but if you have no faith, you will certainly go to the devil, and be d——d to all eternity.—Is this all the money you have for me?

TOM.

All, all, at preſent; but I will bring more to-morrow. — I can't bear the thought of being d——d to all eternity.

W——D.

As you are ſo true a penitent, you have nothing to fear.

TOM.

You are a fine man; but, for all what you ſay, I am afraid I ſhall go to the devil.

W——D.

Why ſo, Tom?

TOM.

Becauſe the money which I gave you juſt now, was not honeſtly come by.

W——D.

Not honeſtly?

TOM.

No,—I can't ſay it was; —for I frightened an officer out of it, — by threatening to blow his brains out if he refuſed to deliver it.

W——D.

Why, Tom, the money, to be ſure, was not honeſtly gotten,—but as you have made a proper application of it, and thoroughly repented of the crime—

TOM.

Ay, that I have thoroughly.—

W——D.

You need not doubt but it will be forgiven.

TOM.

That's ſome comfort :— but there's ſomething ſtill hangs heavy on my mind,—I don't know how to bring it out.

W——D.

If you conceal the leaſt thought, I will not anſwer for your ſalvation.

TOM.

I won't,—I won't ;— I once committed a rape.

W——D.

That was a pardonable action, becauſe it was for the promotion of population.

TOM.

I am glad of that. — But I alſo committed a murder.

W——D.

That was to prevent a diſcovery, and therefore in ſelf-defence ; and ſelf-defence is always allowable.

TOM.

Well, you are a fine man. — My conſcience is now as quiet as a lamb.—I don't care what becomes of my body as long as I ſave my precious ſoul.

W——D.

That you certainly will. —Remember the money to-morrow.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XII.

THE LEARNED LADY.

Miss JOHNSON, Mrss MALLET.

Miſs MALLET.

INDEED, my dear Johnſon, you have pored over the learned eſſays of your name-ſake ſo long, that you talk on the moſt trifling ſubjects with all his literary pomp. — With me, as a friend, you may indulge your pompoſity as much as you pleaſe, but, for G—d's ſake, child, don't think of bringing your ſix-foot hard-words with you into genteel company, for they will make a poor figure in polite converſation.

Miſs JOHNSON.

Why, my dear creature, I uſe no words but what are vernacular.

Miſs MALLET.

Vernacular! ay, that now is a mighty proper word for a tea-table viſit! Who, do you think, would underſtand the meaning of it? not one woman in twenty, I aſſure you.

Miſs JOHNSON.

I am ſorry I give ſo much offence by making uſe of the moſt expreſſive words in the Engliſh language, for communication of my thoughts; and

and ſorry too that by the ſelection of ſuch words I ſhould merit reprehenſion. It is not expected from women in general, I allow, to ſpeak with a claſſical correctneſs in common converſation, but I can ſee no reaſon why we ſhould, to avoid the imputation of pedantry, borrow expreſſions from the loweſt ſtations of life, and adopt the barbariſm of the vulgar.

Miſs MALLET.

With a few picked female friends of your own caſt, who have had a liberal education, you may diſplay your powers of elocution, and cloath your thoughts in the moſt elevated language, not only without reprehenſion, but with the greateſt propriety; but the moſt familiar words and phraſes that have not been rendered contemptible by vulgar uſe, are certainly fitteſt for the current ſervice of the day; and in the choice even of the moſt familiar expreſſions, you may continue to diſcover the extent of your capacity and the brightneſs of your parts. You need not have recourſe to academical ornaments.

Miſs JOHNSON.

You would, I ſuppoſe, have me accommodate my language to the meaneſt capacities, and aſpire to no higher elegance than that which appears in the pages of a Seſſions-paper?

Miſs MALLET.

You miſtake my meaning.—Be as elegant as Lady M——, if you can with as much eaſe. Elegant converſation is my delight, and her Ladyſhip

dyſhip has, on many occaſions, proved that a woman may ſhew her literary taſte to great advantage, without making a parade of her learning.

Miſs JOHNSON.

Her letters, to be ſure, are eaſy and genteel, but her language is not nervous enough.

Miſs. MALLET.

Not nervous enough! I wiſh you had not been ſo nervous, as you call it, in your language laſt night, for I was in pain for you all the time we were at Mrs. Bentley's.—The ladies ſtared at you as if you had been a monſter, and the poor beaux were quite confounded with your phraſeology. You eclipſed them ſo much with your erudition, that they were ſtruck all of a heap. Poor Billy Bond (I ſhall never forget how he looked with his curdy little face), I thought he would have ſunk into the floor, when you aſked him, if he was fond of the papilionaceous tribe, becauſe you conſidered him as a butterfly. Now, without joking, theſe are words too ſcholaſtic for common uſe, and it is by the frequent uſe of ſuch frightful hard-words that you are complimented with the titles of Learned Lady, and Female Pedant. Let me, therefore, beg you as a friend, to ſuit your converſation for the future to the people you mix with, and not throw away your pearls to thoſe who know nothing of their value.

Miſs

Miſs JOHNSON.

My dear Mallet, you have made me appear to myſelf in ſo ludicrous a light, that I ſhall be much benefited by this ſeaſonable correction.—You have effectually cured me of my pompoſity, for the preſent; but if you, at any time, think there is the leaſt danger of a relapſe, pray repeat your correctives, and thereby give the ſtrongeſt proofs of your friendſhip.

Miſs MALLET.

You are a good girl, and I love you better than ever.

DIALOGUE XIII.*

THE

COFFEE-HOUSE POLITICIANS.

Mr. PETTISH, Mr. COURTLY.

Mr. COURTLY.

WHAT news, Mr. Pettiſh?

Mr. PETTISH.

I hate politics.

* This Dialogue was written in the year 1765.

Mr.

Mr. COURTLY.

Hate politicks? why, ſo do I, if you mean by politicks party diſputes about the management of public affairs; but ſurely a man may enquire after the news of the day, without being a politician in the common ſenſe of the word.

However, by the ſhortneſs of your anſwer, I am apt to imagine that you have heard ſomething to day which has ruffled your temper.

Mr. PETTISH.

I hear nothing elſe, I think.—How can a man, who wiſhes well to his country, ſee ſo many ——— in a———n? People may talk what they will about our liberties, but while our properties are in ſuch a tickliſh ſituation, they muſt be as ſtupid as bricks if they can be eaſy.—Ruffled my temper? — Ay, to be ſure, and it would ruffle your's too, if you had any feeling. — But you are ſo thorough a courtier that you think every thing which is done at—, is for the good of the nation.—Nothing provokes me ſo much as to ſee people ſuch ſlaves of a———n, as to give up their own underſtandings to compliment a m——r.

Mr. COURTLY.

You are too warm, Mr. Pettiſh, too warm.

Mr. PETTISH.

Warm? — It is enough to make a man as hot as ——, to ſee the public money applied to ſuch vile purpoſes.—To ſee ſo many ——— penſioned for ———.

Mr.

Mr. COURTLY.

Didn't you tell me juſt now, that you hated politick?

Mr. PETTISH.

Why, ſo I do; but what of that? If a man ſees things going wrong, muſt he ſew up his lips?

Mr. COURTLY.

I can't be of your opinion, that things are going wrong.

Mr. PETTISH.

No to be ſure, you think every thing goes quite right. — But, let me tell you, my friend, you would be of my opinion, if you was not ſo bigotted to B —-. I cannot, for the ſoul of me, conceive, what makes you ſo furious an advocate for him. You have an eaſy independent fortune, and yet go trumpeting about for him, as if every ſhilling you had depended upon his ſmile. I can't bear ſuch prejudices.

Mr. COURTLY.

Nay, if you come to prejudices—

Mr. PETTISH.

Yes, I repeat, it, prejudices.——Your attachment to the Great Man makes you deaf to the voice of reaſon, and to the cries of your country, which, at this time, are ſo loud.

Mr. COURTLY.

Loud enough indeed, the people of England are always inclined to be, whenever they are

are ſet on by a diſcontented party. But will you call the clamour of the Spittle-fields mob, the cries of your country? Will the diſſatisfaction of a few individuals prove that the whole nation is uneaſy?

Mr. PETTISH.

More uneaſy than you think for, perhaps, ſir; — and you may treat the ſpirited proceedings of the weavers with what contempt you pleaſe, but if they don't find redreſs to their grievances, I would not be in ſome people's coats for all their money.—If P— was at the head of affairs, we ſhould have no occaſion for ſuch complaints.

Mr. COURTLY.

Who's prejudiced now? —— Come, come, Mr. Pettiſh, if you ſeriouſly reflect on the management of public affairs during his adminiſtration, you muſt own, that there were a thouſand arbitrary acts committed—But let the preſent miniſtry behave ever ſo well, they will, I doubt, never meet with your concurrence; for all your ſallies of impetuoſity, whenever the preſent ſtate of the nation employs your thoughts, are ſufficient proofs that you oppoſe meaſures merely in oppoſition to men. —— However, ſetting aſide the merit of the cauſe, to what purpoſe, after all, is it, that we are talking?

Mr. PETTISH.

To what purpoſe, indeed?—for I am thoroughly convinced, that we ſhall never agree.—Your principles and mine are as oppoſite as light

oppoſite as light and darkneſs: I would not be like you—ſuch a—

Mr. COURTLY.

Well, well, my dear friend, keep your temper.

Mr. PETTISH.

Keep my temper, ſir?——What do you mean by that? If you was a true friend, you would deſire me to get rid of ſuch a plague.

DIALOGUE XIV.

THE MORNING VISIT.

MRS. TRUMP, MRS. TATTLE.

Mrs. TATTLE.

WELL, my dear Mrs. Trump, how do you find your ſweet ſelf after laſt night's fatigue?

Mrs. TRUMP.

Fatigue! ay, it was a fatigue, indeed. I think I never will have another rout as long as I live.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Not till next month, and then 'twill be vaſtly pretty to have another. Half a dozen in a week

week would, to be ſure, be rather too much for your ſpirits, as you have not the conſtitution of a coach-horſe.

Mrs. TRUMP.

I do aſſure you, Mrs. Tattle, I never was ſo jaded in my life.— I never was ſo puzzled to put my folks together, and to fix them at proper tables. — And then you know, there were ſome people who gave themſelves no ſmall airs: I was ſhocked to death at their appearance.— Don't you think it was very particular?

Mrs. TATTLE.

I never was ſo aſtoniſhed in my life.— Was there ever any thing ſo monſtrous as their coming to a rout in white aprons, and one of them had the aſſurance to come in her hat. Well, ſure, they never had ſeen any genteel people; but perhaps they intended to affront the company; and if that was their intention, they dreſſed themſelves, to be ſure, very properly.

Mrs. TRUMP.

I own it hurt me exceſſively to be treated in ſo diſreſpectful a manner, for I never ſlighted them ſo; I never appeared at their routs with a hat and a white apron; if I had, I might have expected ſuch treatment: but, as I am alive, they ſhall hear of it. They ſhall have it home; for I have no notion of being treated in ſo ſlighting a manner, by people who have no reaſon, I am ſure, to treat me ſo.

Mrs.

Mrs. TATTLE.

You are quite in the right, for I think ſuch people ought to be told their own. I have no notion, any more than you, of being uſed diſreſpectfully, eſpecially at a rout at one's own houſe; thoſe are ſuch unbecoming liberties that I never will put up with them; and if any woman was to appear at my rout with a hat or a white apron, I ſhould make no ſcruple to aſk her, if ſhe thought ſhe was come to church, for there any thing will do, you know; for nobody minds what dreſs one ſays one's prayers in.

Mrs. TRUMP.

And I ſwear I think you would ſerve her right. ——But did you take notice of Miſs Trollop's negligee? Did you ever ſee ſuch a frightful ſilk in your life?

Mrs. TATTLE.

Never;—but there was another part of Miſs Trollop's dreſs that attracted my eyes more powerfully, and that was the beautiful bunch in the middle of her forehead; made up, to be ſure, out of all her mother's old ribbons, for I never ſaw ſuch an old-faſhioned collection of dabs, ſo awkwardly twiſted together.——The girl looked like a Bedlamite in it, and I believe the greateſt part of the company, by the glances they gave at it, were of my mind.

Mrs. TRUMP.

I took particular notice of it, for every thing out of the way catches my eye in a minute. I wonder

wonder her mother will let her make ſuch a fright of herſelf.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Her mother minds nothing but ſaving her money, and as long as ſhe can make the girl look a little ſhowy for a ſmall expence, ſhe don't care in how ridiculous a manner ſhe is dizened out. The old woman herſelf made but a queer figure I thought; and both together, to be ſure, made as curious a pair of frippery forlorn people as one would wiſh to ſee.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Well, you have dreſſed them out to great advantage, I confeſs;—but they cannot be too much laughed at; ſuch folks are fair game, and when I ſtart any ſuch I have an infinite deal of diverſion.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Nothing ſo diverting in the world as laughing at the abſurdities of one's neighbours.——Were it not for ſome good ſort of people in this gay town who take great delight in making an exhibition of themſelves, we ſhould die for want of ſomething to talk of.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Now you mention the Exhibition, it comes into my head, that Mrs. Meynell is to call on me this morning to go to Maiden-lane, and, I dare ſay, if ſhe has a corner in the coach empty, ſhe will be vaſtly glad of your company.

Mrs.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Mrs. Meynell is a very good ſort of inoffenſive, inſignificant woman, and I have a great regard for her; but I don't viſit her, and therefore have no right to expect ſuch a civility from her.

Mrs. TRUMP.

O, never mind that, I'll anſwer for your being heartily welcome; and as to viſiting her, you may do as you will; but I think there is nothing in ſuch things. I never ſtand upon ſuch punctilios.—Why, ſhe and I don't viſit above twice in a twelvemonth, but we are prodigiouſly glad to ſee each other when we meet, and that is very well.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Well, if you think there is no indecorum in riding in Mrs. Meynell's coach, I ſhall be glad to go with you; for I have heard there are ſeveral things worth ſeeing. I was at Spring-Garden about a fortnight ago, but that exhibition is now over.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Ay, to my great ſorrow, it is; for I unluckily, came to town the very laſt morning; was not that vexatious?

Mrs. TATTLE.

Exceſſively ſo; and I aſſure you, by not coming time enough, you loſt a fine ſight, for there was a very ſmart collection, and ſeveral capital pictures.

Mrs.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Tell me no more about them, for I am ſo extravagantly fond of pictures, that I can't bear to think of my diſappointment.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Well, don't make yourſelf ſick about it, for your eyes will have a very pretty entertainment where you are going.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Why, I have heard a very good account of them from a ſenſible friend of mine, on whoſe judgment, in maters of taſte, I can always depend, and am therefore —— Bleſs me, what a thundering rap!——I am ſure it can be nobody but Mrs. Meynell's footman; that fellow always knocks as if he would beat the door down.

Mrs. TATTLE.

I'll tell you in a moment.— You are right, it is ſhe, and ſo good morning.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Nay, don't be ſilly now,——I am ſure you will be welcome, if there's room.—You can but give me another good morning if the coach be full.

Mrs. TATTLE.

Well, come along then; if I am going to do any fooliſh thing in this affair, I ſhall lay it all on your back.

Mrs. TRUMP.

Ay, ay,—do ſo,—'tis broad enough.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XV.

THE ENGLISH LADY RETURNED FROM PARIS.

Mrs. FRAMPTON, Miss FASHION.

Miſs FASHION.

MY dear Mrs. Frampton, I am exceſſively glad to ſee you look ſo well after your trip to Paris; I hope you have been highly pleaſed with that delicious place.

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

Very little indeed, my dear; from the deſcription you had given me of the country and its inhabitants, I expected far more entertainment than I found during my ſtay there, and am Engliſh-woman enough to own, that I returned home with a hearty contempt of their faſhions and their faces; and as for the politeneſs of the French, on which I have heard you launch out in the moſt extravagant terms, never mention it any more, I beſeech you: for if you do, I muſt abſolutely do a very rude thing, and that is, flatly contradict you. In my life I never met with ſo many affronts in public as I did while I was at Paris.

Miſs

Miſs FASHION.

You ſurprize me prodigiouſly.— Affronted at Paris!——the capital of France!——the ſeat of taſte! the center of politeneſs!

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

Very true. — in that capital, — that ſeat, — that center did I receive during the few weeks I ſtaid there, many incivilities which I never ſhould have met with, even from the moſt ruſtic and unpoliſhed among my own countrymen.

Miſs FASHION.

I ſhould be glad to hear you enumerate the incivilities you met with; for I never appeared in public, at Paris, without receiving the moſt refined politeneſſes, and obſerving the moſt flattering attentions.

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

I have not now time to enumerate them all, but will point out a few, which will, I hope, ſerve to convince you that I complain not of the behaviour of your polite favourites without a cauſe. I was hooted all the way to Paris whenever I went out in my hat, and crowds followed me crying out, *chapeau! chapeau!* as if they had ſeen a wild beaſt: You cannot conceive what a horrible noiſe they made in my ears.

Miſs FASHION.

Thoſe who behaved in ſo groſs a manner were certainly the *canaille*, the loweſt part of the human ſpecies; and it is not fair to accuſe a whole

nation of unpoliteneſs for the deportment of the dregs of it.

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

From the *canaille*, as you call them, I ſhould have expected no other behaviour, becauſe the lower ranks of people in all nations are apt to be brutal in their manners, and impertinently free in their language: but there were ſeveral who inſulted me in the *chapeau* ſtile, from whom, by their appearance I did not apprehend ſuch a deviation from good-breeding.

Miſs FASHION.

Well, — I am very much ſurprized, and can only ſay, that I myſelf never obſerved ſuch behaviour among the French.

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

But my hat was not the only thing which gave offence. My poor face, on account of its paleneſs, tho' I am allowed here to have a good complexion, afforded great merriment in all public places, and, indeed, made no figure with regard to colour, oppoſed to the artificial complexions which ſurrounded it. Your old friend Miſs Dawes, who was of my party, had her full ſhare of rudeneſs, notwithſtanding her beauty is ſo generally admired, and we were both pointed at for our pale faces.——Several very ſmart young fellows came up cloſe to us, and retired with a loud laugh, lifting up their hands and eyes, and crying out, *blanc*, *blanc*, with as much vehemence as the *canaille* did *chapeau*.

Miſs

Miſs FASHION.

Well,—I could not have believed this behaviour in a people who pique themſelves on their politeneſs, and ſhall, for the future, be ſparing of panegyrics on them.—But really, my dear madam, you, in a great meaſure, brought on yourſelf the inſults of which you complain, by not conforming to the cuſtoms of the country. If you had thrown away your hat and painted your cheeks, you would have met with no incivilities.

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

You are very unwilling, I ſee, to give up your favourites; but after what I have told you, I think you can't ſeriouſly defend them. You muſt own, that their behaviour to me was rude, though you are inclined to think that I deſerved it.

Miſs FASHION.

By no means would I have you ſuppoſe, that I think you deſerved ſuch behaviour from the French by the appearance you made among them; for I really think their behaviour was indefenſible: but I cannot account for it any other way.

Mrs. FRAMPTON.

And, let me tell you, Miſs Faſhion, that's but a poor way of apologizing for them.——However, I make allowance for your partiality in their favour, when I conſider your connections; but I, who have no ſuch connections, ſpeak of

them as I find them: though were I to fall in with the moſt fantaſtic of them at any public place, I ſhould not be in the leaſt tempted, in how abſurd a light ſoever their dreſſes, or their deportment, appeared to me, I ſhould never be tempted, I ſay, to affront them to their faces; I ſhould not feel the leaſt inclination to imitate their politeneſs.

DIALOGUE XVI.

THE CONSULTATION of PHYSICIANS.

DR. VALERIAN, DR. BURDOCK, DR. HONEY, DR. SAGE, AND MR. BAYSWATER.

(In a profound Conſultation.)

Dr. VALERIAN.

WHAT made you hurry away from us laſt night, Dr. Honey? You loſt an excellent ſcene; Foſſil was quite high.

Dr. HONEY.

I thought you would wonder at my precipitation; but I could not ſtay to take my leave in form. The occaſion was urgent, and there was

no time to be loſt. Lady Dimple's *Di* was in convulſions, and I arrived, with all my haſte, but juſt time enough to ſave the poor dear little creature's life. I found my Lady in ſuch a terrible way herſelf, that I expected her to expire every moment.

Dr. BURDOCK.

Such patients as her Ladyſhip are invaluable treaſures, for ſhe is always out of order, and hardly ever ails any thing. Her diſtempers are, in general, imaginary, and we are under no ſort of embarraſſment with regard to the management of them.

Dr. SAGE.

You ſay right, Doctor,—I love ſuch a patient dearly.—To be called upon in a dangerous ſituation, and to feel all the while that we know not what to do,—is horrible.—— When I ſee a whole family hovering about me, and watching every motion of my features as if I was gifted with ſupernatural powers, I am glad to get out of the houſe as faſt as I can.

Dr. VALERIAN.

Why, that is entirely my way of thinking: but it is lucky for us, that there are ſo many ignorant and timorous people in the world. If half the people who ſend for us knew how little we do know, few eſtates would be got by phyſic. When I am rolling along in my chariot from one end of the town to the other, I laugh in my ſleeve to think how many fools are cheated by outward appearances.

Dr. SAGE.

There is nothing to be done without them. ——— Shall you be at Ranelagh to-night?

Dr. VALERIAN.

I fully intend to be there.

Dr. BURDOCK.

Well, but, Doctor, you have not told us what paſſed between Foſſil and you. He is, I know, a very high fellow, and I ſhould be glad to hear in what manner he was ſo.

Dr. HONEY.

He is a prodigious creature.—

Dr. SAGE.

A prodigious coxcomb, if you pleaſe. He pretends to be a man of univerſal knowledge, and on many ſubjects he appears to advantage; but there are many alſo on which he talks in the moſt ſuperficial manner.—He has bright parts, but they run away with him; he is in general a trifling character, he wants ſolidity.

Dr. VALERIAN.

With all his trifling, he has ſolidity enough to get more than an hundred heavy fellows who laugh at his attempting to ſhine in ſuch a variety of lights. Foſſil, I allow, is a coxcomb.—Every man of parts is one,—that is, every man who has parts, if he has ſpirit, will ſhow them: and if he ſhows them, he will be called a coxcomb by thoſe whom nature has not bleſſed with intellects equally brilliant.—With regard to the ſcene in which Foſſil figured with luſtre, you will

will loſe infinite pleaſure by the relation of it.—A pebble which he had picked up at Kenſington gravel-pits gave him an opportunity to dive deep into the ſecrets of nature, and to diſplay his ſubterranean erudition, which is really immenſe. His ſubjects are ſometimes unimportant, but his reſearches are always curious.

Dr. HONEY.

I will allow him to be a curious character: he is clever, but he thinks nobody ſo clever as himſelf; and, therefore, as Dr. Sage judiciouſly obſerves, is a coxcomb.

Dr. BURDOCK.

Come, come, Dr. Valerian, give up your friend Foſſil for a coxcomb, for we are all againſt you.

Dr. VALERIAN.

Set him down for a coxcomb, by all means; were he to hear your opinions concerning him, he would be in no ſhape diſcontented. You cannot, he knows, call him a fool, and with any other name you cannot give him the leaſt uneaſineſs.

Dr. SAGE.

What, may you call him rogue, raſcal, coward ——

Dr. VALERIAN.

Foſſil's a philoſopher.

Dr. BURDOCK.

You may pull him by the noſe then?

Dr. VALERIAN.

With great ſafety to your fingers.

Dr. HONEY.

He will bear kicking then?

Dr. VALERIAN.

Patiently. Foſſil's a philoſopher.——But, gentlemen, it grows late, we are running away from the ſubject for the diſcuſſion of which we aſſembled together. We forgot our patient up ſtairs.

Dr. SAGE.

That's true, that's true.—Well, Doctor, proceed to buſineſs as ſoon as you pleaſe. Examine Mr. Bayſwater about the affair, and according to his report we ſhall——write——

Mr. BAYSWATER.

I am happy, gentlemen, to give you all the information I can.

Dr. VALERIAN.

Well, Mr. Bayſwater, how did you leave your patient? What do you think of him?

Mr. BAYSWATER.

Why, ſir, in my humble opinion his time in this world will be very ſhort,—very ſhort indeed.

Dr. VALERIAN.

Very ſhort?—What do you call very ſhort?

Mr. BAYSWATER.

About a couple of hours.—Nothing will ſtay with him.

Dr.

Dr. VALERIAN.

Nothing? — What does every thing come up?

Mr. BAYSWATER.

Yes, ſir.

Dr. VALERIAN.

And will nothing keep down?

Mr. BAYSWATER.

No, ſir.

Dr. VALERIAN.

Why then, gentlemen, 'tis a gone caſe.

Dr. HONEY.

Ay, that's a clear caſe.

Dr. BURDOCK.

We can do no more.

Dr. SAGE.

No more ———

Dr. VALERIAN.

Than take our fees as long as there is breath in his body; we muſt, therefore, order the ſame medicines over again.

Dr. SAGE.

Ay, ay, all over again.

DIALOGUE XVII.

THE MODERN FINE LADY.

LADY OGLE, MRS. PINUP.

Lady OGLE.

PINUP, you aſtoniſh me!——She have a rout!

PINUP.

Indeed, indeed, my Lady, I ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth, as I hope to be married:— Mrs. Martin, my Lady, had a rout laſt night.

Lady OGLE.

Why, isn't the creature in lodgings, with only one maid?

PINUP.

Yes, my Lady, ſhe has a little dab of a girl to run of errands and ſcrub her rooms, if that can be called a ſervant; but no good ſervant will live in ſuch a puddling way.

Lady OGLE.

How then could ſhe pretend to entertain company? for I ſuppoſe ſhe has only one floor.

PINUP.

No, my Lady, no more *nor* one; only the firſt floor; but upon grandee occaſions her bed is taken

taken down before the company comes, and is put up again after they are gone; ſo, you know, my Lady, by that *ingenus* contrivance ſhe makes ſhift to crowd half a dozen card tables, three in each room; but I fancy, my Lady, they ſit as if they were in a ſtage-coach.

Lady OGLE.

O frightful!—But what company, for God's ſake, can ſhe get together?

PINUP.

She had a very pretty ſhow laſt night, my Lady, as your Ladyſhip will own when I tell you that Lady ———, and Mrs. ———, who you know are both people of faſhion, my Lady, was at her rout.

Lady OGLE.

I ſuppoſe they only went to have the pleaſure of making obſervations on her abſurd behaviour, and aukward attempt to be genteel; but the woman is certainly bewitched, and you may be ſure that thoſe who cover her carpets only viſit her in order to enjoy a hearty laugh when they go home.

PINUP.

Very likely, as your Ladyſhip ſays, ſuch ridiculous people are only fit to be laughed at.—I often ſays to myſelf, "What a mortal deal of pains ſome people take to be made a joke of!" When people in her *ſpear* of life attempt to mimic people of faſhion, they ſhew that their *intlecks* are not ſo good as they ſhould be.

Lady

Lady OGLE.

Conceited wretches! How contemptible they make themſelves, by apeing their ſuperiors! But have you nothing elſe to tell me?—have you picked up no news of more conſequence than this?

PINUP.

O yes, my Lady, I have a moſt curious piece of news for your Ladyſhip, which, I am ſure, will ſurprize your Ladyſhip prodigiouſly. I am ſure when I heard it, I could ſcarce believe my ears:—One of the Pyes is gone.

Lady OGLE.

Why, Pinup, you have a mind to be witty to-day.—Do you call the loſs of a pye a thing of conſequence? Pray get another, and let me have no more of your jokes.

PINUP.

Indeed, my Lady, I don't underſtand what you mean by being witty; I never uſed to be thought ſo; but your Ladyſhip has, I believe, no conception of what I would be at. —— Our pyes and puddings too, thank God, are all ſafe, but Miſs Sukey Pye, my Lady, is gone off. And who does your Ladyſhip think ſhe is gone off with? I will give your Ladyſhip a month to gueſs; for to be ſure and *ſartin*, no body never thought of her going off with ſuch a *feller*; though, to be ſure, he is rather handſomiſh than otherwiſe, I muſt ſay that. But, you know, my Lady, when once a girl gets love into her head, there's no ſuch thing as ſaying what ſhe will do.

For

For my part, I never was ſo *flavigaſtered* in my life; you might have knocked me down with a feather; my *narves* was in ſuch a ———

Lady OGLE.

Prythee, Pinup, don't worry my brains about your *narves*, but tell me, without running on at ſo ridiculous a rate, who the girl is gone off with. I always thought ſhe would give her friends the ſlip, when ſhe found a convenient opportunity.

PINUP.

Why, to be ſure, my Lady, as I was ſaying, I never was ſo ſurprized in all my born days; and I think as your Ladyſhip does, that ſhe was alwas ready to be *runned* away with. Well, Heavens bleſs us! the girls of this age are in a monſtrous hurry to be pulled about by the fellows. — Well, I am glad my *vartue* was never blown upon.—When a woman's *cha—râc—ter* is gone, ſhe is nobody.

Lady OGLE.

For God's ſake, Pinup, ſtop that tireſome clack of yours, and tell me, without making ſuch a pother about your *vartue*, and your *cha—râc—ter*, —with whom Sukey Pye is eloped.

PINUP.

Why, my Lady, if a woman does'nt make a pother about her *vartue*, ſhe won't care what becomes of it.

Lady OGLE.

Talking ſo much about it, Pinup, is not at all neceſſary; therefore, I deſire you will keep yout

vartue

vartue to yourſelf, and finiſh what you have to ſay.

PINUP.

That I will in a very few words, my Lady: Captain Pope is the man who has made all this buſtle in the family.—Old Pye is ready to go mad, and ſo is Mrs. Pye; in ſhort, by what I can find ———

Lady OGLE.

Hold your tongue this inſtant, Pinup, and make all the enquiries you can after the Captain. If you don't bring me ſome news about him, I ſhall diſcharge you from my ſervice, for I muſt know how to get at him.

PINUP.

My Lady, they are gone to Scotland.

Lady OGLE.

To Scotland?—Then order the poſt-coach directly, for I will follow that fellow to the world's end, and tear out his heart, if he has betrayed me.

PINUP.

To be ſure, my Lady, if he has betrayed your Ladyſhip, he deſerves to be tore to pieces.

Lady OGLE.

One word more, Pinup, will be your laſt in this houſe, therefore fly to execute my commands. Yet, ſtay, Pinup,—be ſure you don't mention a ſyllable of what I ſaid, about my being betrayed:—if Sir John detects me, I ſhall be ruined for ever.

PINUP.

PINUP.

O, my Lady, you need not doubt me. If I can ſave your Ladyſhip from ruination, I will *ſartainly* do it with all the pleaſure in the world; for your Ladyſhip has been ſo kind to me, that you may do any thing with me. — I *loves* to be grateful, and when ladies have behaved well to me, I never *forſakes* them.

Lady OGLE.

You, ſhall never have reaſon, Pinup, to repent of your civilities to me. — I have had many proofs of your regard for me, and if you keep this ſecret within your own breaſt, you ſhall be well rewarded.

PINUP.

As for being rewarded, my Lady, I don't doubt but your Ladyſhip will be as good as your word, but I never was of a mercenary temper. I would not keep your Ladyſhip's ſecrets if I had not a true regard for your Ladyſhip.

Lady OGLE.

Well, well, dear Pinup, order the coach directly, for I long to be after them.

PINUP.

I fly, my Lady.

(Exit.)

Lady OGLE.

How unhappy is the woman who is in the power of her ſervants!

DIA-

DIALOGUE XVIII.

CHARACTERS IN A STAGE-COACH DESCRIBED.

Mr. HOSKINS, Mr. FORD.

Mr. FORD.

I Am glad to ſee you in ſuch a merry humour; ſomething extraordinary has, no doubt, happened; for I heard you laugh all the way I came up ſtairs, and I ſee nobody in the room with you: but, perhaps, theſe papers before you are full of laughable matter.

Mr. HOSKINS.

You have hit upon the cauſe of my ſolitary mirth, if I may uſe that expreſſion. To tell you the truth, I have been amuſing myſelf this morning with drawing out upon paper a few characters which I lately met in the Shrewſbury Stage, and writing down as much of their converſation as I could recollect.

Mr. FORD.

And may not I partake of your mirth by hearing what you have written?—You know my ſtrong

ſtrong paſſion for humour, and I am ſure that the characters which made you ſo merry, are curious and entertaining.

Mr. HOSKINS.

Curious, indeed! and, I may add, entertaining. I could not help laughing aloud, though nobody was with me, and ſhall with great pleaſure communicate what I have written to one who will not think his time thrown away in liſtening. I am not of ſo ſelfiſh a turn as to deſire to keep any thing from my friends, which I think will contribute to their entertainment.

Mr. FORD.

I know you too well to queſtion your ſincerity on this or any occaſion, and therefore hope you will proceed to buſineſs.

Mr. HOSKINS.

With all my heart. — You muſt know, then, I came to town laſt week in the Shrewſbury Stage, in which were crouded together a collection of the oddeſt characters I ever met with, of both ſexes. You ſtare to hear me mention ſo vulgar a vehicle, but I frequently travel in them merely for amuſement, of which I am rarely diſappointed.

Mr. FORD.

I can eaſily believe you: and, notwithſtanding the jokes which are thrown out by your very polite people againſt a ſtage-coach, I think, that to a man of your high taſte for homour it is the only machine.

Mr.

Mr. HOSKINS.

I receive too much entertainment from my turn for obſervation to be laughed out of it. I conſider the world as a ſtage; I look upon all the men and women in it as characters playing their different parts; and divert myſelf not a little with their humours, let their ſituation be what it will. But to the point:—A large fat fair man, about forty, with an unmeaning face, as white as a curd, ſat on my right hand, and on my left was ſeated his other half, in outward appearance *tout au contraire*, being as thin as a lath, and as brown as a berry — a more ſtriking contraſt I never ſaw. Her whole figure, indeed, was curious; and whenever I looked at them both, I could not help comparing them to freſh cod and old ling,—ſo very white was he, and ſhe ſo very brown. Their manners too were as different as their countenances, and their tempers ſeemed to be totally oppoſite. Mr. Cod was a chearful, good-humoured, chatty Being as ever breathed, but had ſuch a particular way of expreſſing his thoughts, and made uſe of ſo many quaint uncouth phraſes,—at leaſt to my ears they were ſo,—that I marked him with great attention, becauſe I intended to take him down at the end of my journey. To give you a ſpecimen of his phraſeology:—If any perſon were mentioned who had bad voices, he ſaid they had ſpecial voices to *cry bacon in a long entry*. —— If a miſer was introduced, he hated mortally all fellows who were *narrow over the cheſt*. — Whenever the coach ſtopped

ſtopped at a public-houſe he deſired *a doctor*, becauſe he was *as queer as Dick's hat band*; and concluded every aſſertion he made, though ever ſo trifling, with, "*Now that's my way of think-*" "*ing.*" "'Tis a very hot day, —*now that's my way of thinking.*"—"The duſt is enough to choak a-body, *that's my way of thinking*;"—and I believe during a ride of twenty miles, we had. "*Now that's my way of thinking*" an hundred times.— So much for my plump neighbour.

Mr. FORD.

I am impatient to be better acquainted with your fat companion's amiable moiety.—Cod, by your deſcription, is certainly an odd fiſh; I ſhall be glad to hear how Ling turned out, on a cloſer examination.

Mr. HOPKINS.

Mrs. Ling was, as I obſerved before, totally oppoſite to her full-faced flabby-cheeked lord and maſter. From the largeneſs of her features, in the Saracen ſtile, ſhe was rather formidable than alluring, and, indeed, reſembled much more a Gorgon than a Grace; though from her manner of craning her neck, toſſing her head, and turning about her eyes, like Lady ———, I plainly perceived that ſhe thought herſelf the latter.— With ſuch a figure and ſuch a face, ſhe was truly hidious at firſt ſight; but ſhe was infinitely more frightful when ſhe ſpoke, by extending her mouth from ear to ear, and ſending forth a voice not half ſo harmonious as that of a raven. To finiſh the portrait, her lips were deeply

ſtained

ſtained with Spaniſh ſnuff, and her breath was, from the conſtant uſe of that faſhionable powder, ſo ſtrongly tainted, that my noſtrils were ſorely offended.—I made a ſhift, from the ſtrain of their converſation, to find out, that the gentleman had been a butler in a nobleman's family, and that the lady had been woman to a lady of faſhion. — Mrs. Ling had alſo her peculiarities in phraſeology, and the particular pertneſs obſervable in thoſe little people who awkwardly imitate the manners of the great. She talked very much of genteel connections, and could not bear the thoughts of mixing with vulgar wretches who have had no education. Her favourite phraſe was, "*according to my idea*;" which ſhe repeated very often, but never ſo emphatically as when Mr. Cod's "way of thinking" did not tally with her's. But you loſe a vaſt deal of pleaſure by not having been in the coach with them.

Mr. FORD.

I ſhould certainly have enjoyed ſuch ſtriking characters extremely; but now for the reſt.

Mr. HOSKINS.

Ay, the reſt were originals too, and very proper perſonages for a comic painter to work upon. ——A young prig from the Univerſity ſat oppoſite to me, the moſt impertinent little coxcomb I ever travelled with. He interrupted every body who ſpoke, by twiſting their words into meanings they never intended; and for fear we ſhould think he brought no learning with him from College, perpetually made uſe of high flown expreſſions,

preſſions, which, I dare ſay, nobody in the coach but myſelf underſtood, and which I ſhould not have underſtood myſelf, had not frequently met with them in the writings of Johnſon. You will, perhaps, think this academical character too inſufferable to be diverting.

Mr. FORD.

You gueſs my thoughts.——I ſhould, indeed, have received no diverſion from him.

Mr. HOSKINS.

I am ſo fond of characters, that the moſt impertinent ones amuſe me. This youth was ſituated between an old gentleman, in ruſty black cloaths and a brigadier wig, who had all the marks of a decayed author about him, and a plain, but very conceited, girl about nineteen, very ſlightly dreſſed in the modern taſte, who belonged to a company of ſtrollers. She was all the way in heroics, and gave herſelf as many theatrical airs as if ſhe had been an actreſs of the higheſt reputation.

Mr. FORD.

Stage reputation, you mean, to be ſure.

Mr. HOSKINS

To be ſure, — but that quibble is not worthy of you:——I have heard you ſay better things.—— Whenever the old gentleman took offence at any thing that was ſaid by his coxcomical friend, he ſaid not a word, but after looking at him full in the face, put his head out at the window and whiſtled. This ſignificant expreſſion of diſlike he

he often repeated, but young Claſſic was never diſconcerted. He only talked *at* him in return, but in ſo droll a way that, in ſpite of his impertinence, I thought he had a true notion of humour. Miſs Fuſtian thought as I did, and, as they ſoon found out each other's *forte*, we had ſome dialogues between them which were truly dramatic.

Mr. FORD.

Well, my dear friend, I ſhall think of your journey often, for the characters you have deſcribed are too comic not to make an impreſſion on me.

Mr. HOSKINS.

I am glad you have been amuſed with them. Shall you be at Foote's in the Hay-market this evening?

Mr. FORD.

Certainly.

DIALOGUE XIX.

THE DISPUTANTS.

Mr. ALKALI, Mr. ACID.

Mr. ACID.

ALL you ſay, my dear Alkali, makes no impreſſion upon me; you will never convince me, by your moſt ingenious arguments in favour

favour of benevolence, that good-nature is the characteriſtic of mankind. From the niceſt obſervations on the actions of the human ſpecies, I draw very different concluſions. Self-love, and not philanthropy, ſeems to me to be the univerſal paſſion. As for Benevolence and Love of Society, theſe are mere words, deſtitute of meaning.

Mr. ALKALI.

In drawing ſuch ſevere concluſions, my dear friend, you are not guided by reaſon but governed by prejudice. The diſappointments which you have met with in the world, have ſoured your diſpoſition againſt ſociety; but it is not ſurely fair to condemn mankind in general, becauſe you have been deceived by a few individuals. But to conſider this ſubject a little more cloſely. I ſhould be glad to know if Benevolence is a mere word, deſtitute of meaning, how will you account even for Self-love? for certainly, the ſmalleſt degree of affection for our fellow-creatures, originally ariſes from the love we have for ourſelves.

Mr. ACID.

By no means. We may be inſtigated by pride to ſenſations in our own favour, which our affection for others would never excite in us.

Mr. ALKALI.

Your definition of pride, in the ſenſe you uſe the word, would, perhaps, throw new light upon the ſubject.

Mr.

Mr. ACID.

Are you ſerious in deſiring a definition of pride?—Is not every man acquainted with the preciſe meaning of that monoſyllable?

Mr. ALKALI.

When I aſk for information, I expect an anſwer. To treat my queſtion with contempt, is not to anſwer it. Neither will my underſtanding be improved, nor my morals mended by the ludicrouſneſs of your manner, which rather excites my pity, than provokes my anger.

Mr. ACID.

Well, don't put yourſelf in a huff.—You ſhall have a ſerious anſwer, ſince, without ſuch an anſwer, you will not be ſatisfied. Pride, then, in my humble opinion, is one of the moſt powerful paſſions implanted in the human heart; that paſſion by which we are moſt frequently impelled; and by the exertion of which we are moſt conſcious of our ſuperiority to ſome of our own ſpecies, and to all the brute creation.

Mr. ALKALI.

So far, ſo well; but from whence is this paſſion derived?

Mr. ACID.

Why don't you aſk me from whence I derive my five ſenſes? for you might propoſe that queſtion with equal propriety.

Mr. ALKALI.

I am not in jeſt. I ſhould be glad of an anſwer, becauſe

becauſe it may produce conſequences you are not aware of.

Mr. ACID.

May it?—Why then, to tell you freely my ſentiments, I believe that the Wiſe Creator of us all implanted the paſſion of pride in us, that we might, by the force of emulation, be powerfully prompted to the performance of great and glorious atchievements.

Mr. ALKALI.

I am, in ſome meaſure, of your way of thinking. But for what reaſon, then, ſhould you roundly aſſert, that there is no ſuch paſſion implanted in us for ſuch purpoſes as love? For my part, I declare, that the misfortunes of others actually make me unhappy, and that the proſperity of others actually gives me joy, merely becauſe, by the force of ſenſibility, I ſuppoſe myſelf in their ſituations. I call, in both caſes, that ſenſation, benevolence or love. Now, if by any ingenious refinement in the art of reaſoning, you can attribute that ſenſation, rationally, to any other cauſe, I will give up the point, and ſubmit to your ſentiments on this head.

Mr. ACID.

Admitting the truth of your poſition, how comes it that mankind in general, without the leaſt attention to any thing but their own intereſt, give a looſe to their favourite paſſions?

Mr. ALKALI.

You are too general in your accuſation. I could produce numberleſs examples to leſſen the weight of it. But whenever the gratification of his favourite paſſion is the object of a man's attention, no proof will, I think, ariſe againſt the exiſtence of love in his heart. He convinces us only by purſuing his object, that ſelf-love predominates over the other paſſions, and throws them into a fermentation. As for the paſſion of pride, which you mention with ſo much triumph, how often is it overcome by fear? You will not, therefore, I hope, deny its exiſtence?

Mr. ACID.

I repeat what I have ſaid with regard to pride. It is my favourite paſſion, becauſe we are indebted to that paſſion for a great number of glorious actions. On the meaner part of mankind, the great vulgar and the ſmall, fear may perhaps have ſome influence; but as to love, 'tis ridiculous to imagine there is any ſuch thing. All a joke,—a farce. No, no, believe me, my dear friend, there is no ſuch thing as love.

Mr. ALKALI.

Why then there's an end to the debate; for, after ſuch a declaration, I ſhall deſpair of making you a convert. But I am ſorry to ſee you ſo attached to your own opinions.

Mr. ACID.

Pray don't be ſorry, for I am exceedingly happy with them, and have not the leaſt deſire to part with them.

Mr.

Mr. ALKALI.

You always make me recollect a line of Dryden's in the character of Zimri,

"Stiff in opinion ———

Mr. ACID.

Stay a little, I beſeech you; for the other half line,

"——— always in the wrong,"

may be levelled at yourſelf. —— And ſo, *bon jour*; for while I am ſquabbling with you, I forget a hundred engagements.

Mr. ALKALI.

Pray don't talk of your engagements; I have not half enough of your company; for tho' you rarely bring me over to your ſentiments, in the diſcuſſion of any ſubject, I receive great pleaſure in keeping up a debate with you.

Mr. ACID.

And I receive as much pleaſure in your converſation, though I ſeldom find your arguments ſtrong enough to diſlodge the notions I have embraced.——But it grows late, and I can abſolutely ſtay no longer.—Once more, therefore,—good morning.

Mr. ALKALI.

Yours — yours.

DIALOGUE XX.

THE CITY BLOODS.

GEORGE HOSE, DICK BOOT, HARRY FIG, BOB STEEL, at a Tavern.

GEORGE.

HERE, you thick-headed fellow of a waiter, have you no eyes? d'ye call this claret?

WAITER.

Yes, ſir, there's no better in England.

DICK.

You lie, you dog; and if you bring us ſuch another bottle, we'll lay you behind the fire.

HARRY.

Well ſaid, Dick, there's nothing like plucking up a ſpirit at theſe *bare* places. If we pay for what we call for, we have a right to the beſt commodity.——Hey, Bob, hav'n't we?

BOB.

Ay, ay, to be ſure; but look'e here, not ſo faſt neither; we ſhould be *morally* ſure we are not wrong, mind me, before we make a holloboloo.

GEORGE.

This is no claret, I'll take my oath.

DICK.

DICK.

And I.

HARRY.

Why, if that's the caſe—what does the fellow mean by uſing us ſo ſcurvily?

BOB.

Send him to hell in a hamper.

GEORGE.

Bravo, Bob, an excellent conveyance.

HARRY.

That's a deviliſh bright thought!

DICK.

So it is, by the Lord Harry, and I'll help to pack him up with all my ſoul.

GEORGE.

Come, Dick, don't preach over your liquor; drink, my Heart of Oak!

DICK.

That I will with all my heart.—Dick Boot is no flincher.

HARRY.

Had'nt we rare fun, laſt night, Bob?—hey, Bob?

BOB.

Never better, my boy.——How the poor devils caſcaded!

HARRY.

They did.——Moll Rowley looked juſt for all the world, as I hope to be ſaved, like a Cherokee.

DICK.

So ſhe did, Harry; and Sue Dowſe did'nt look more like a Chriſtian; did ſhe?

HARRY.

No,—that ſhe did'nt; but the beſt joke of all was to ſee them quarrel about their beauty, when they were as drunk as a couple of ſows.

DICK.

So it was.—Hadn't we high fun, George?

GEORGE.

Yes, f—i—n—e f—u—n, as I hope to be———

BOB.

Why, George, what's the matter, my prince? —You clip the King's Engliſh to-night.—Yo ho, my Buff, keep yourſelf ſteady.—What are you knocked up already?

DICK.

Let him alone, Bob, he'll come to himſelf.— Drink away,—we loſe time.

BOB.

Here goes.

HARRY.

Ditto.

DICK.

The aforeſaid.

BOB.

This is life, Dick; isn't it?

DICK.

Nothing like it, nothing like it. How the old prigs

prigs at home, muddling over their ſtupid ſhop-books, would ſtare to ſee us ſo bright.

HARRY.

Ay, that they would. The old Dons know nothing of life.

DICK.

No, that they don't. They don't enjoy life.

BOB.

And if you don't enjoy life, you may as well be dead.

HARRY.

So you may, Bob; give me your hand for that. ——You are a choice ſpirit to-night, and fit to ſpend an evening with Ned Shuter and George Stevens.—Look, look, poor George lies ſprawling under the table.

DICK.

Yo ho, George!

BOB.

Let him alone, Dick, he can't fall lower.

DICK.

Spoke like an oracle, my Worthy.—And ſo here goes again.

" None are ſo happy, ſo happy, as we."

HARRY.

No, that's a ſure thing.

" We've tarried all day till we've drank down
" the ſun;"

BOB.

" And now we will drink down the moon, my brave boys.

DICK.

If any ſober raſcal pretends to ſay, we are not as happy as any men in the kingdom, he is an impudent ſcoundrel for his pains; I ſay he is: — and if I meet ſuch a ſneaking fellow as I go home —Yo ho, Bob, What are you off, Cockey?—A pretty fellow to drink down the moon.—Come, Harry, you and I have the game to ourſelves, let us make the moſt of it.

HARRY.

Ay, ay, my little hero, I'll ſtand by you as I can; but to tell you the truth, my head begins to— to— to—

BOB.

To——to—to—What are you going to leave me in the lurch too?

HARRY.

No, — no, — I won't leave you——in the lurch————Harry Fig knows better things than that *there* comes to; but————I——

BOB.

Come, I ſee how things are going.——Give me your hand.

HARRY.

That's right,—now we'll go and ſcour the ſtreets, and then go quietly to bed.

BOB.

Now you ſpeak like an angel.——

HARRY.

And am ready for buſineſs.——And ſo come alon , Bob

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXI.

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

STREPHON, LYSANDER.

STREPHON.

TRUE, Lyſander; but with this cautious behaviour, I would have her join that ſweet openneſs and amiable freedom of diſpoſition, which ever accompany real and unaffected modeſty. This is as diſtinct from levity, as affectation is from what is beautiful and graceful, or politeneſs from what is awkward and unbecoming.

LYSANDER.

But why, my dear Strephon, do you blend a cautious behaviour with a ſweet openneſs and amiable freedom of diſpoſition?——Is ſuch an union practicable?

STREPHON.

Yes, I really think it is. Caution, if not tempered by this openneſs and freedom, may degenerate into cloſeneſs and reſerve—qualities utterly diſagreeable to a generous mind, and which ſeldom fail of producing averſion and diſguſt. On the other hand, if the ſallies of ingenuous chearfulneſs were not ſometimes reſtrained by the ten-

der hand of caution, they would be loſt in the froth of fooliſh unthinking levity.

LYSANDER.

Your obſervation, Strephon, is juſt; and for the ſame reaſon, I imagine you would attempt to reconcile ſerioufneſs and gravity with chearfulneſs and mirth.

STREPHON.

Undoubtedly, Lyſander. I believe no one has a greater diſlike than yourſelf to the inſipid mirth of thoſe fluttering butterflies, whoſe converſation is one continued round of thoughtleſs tittle-tattle. And yet, what charms has even their ſenſeleſs converſation, when you enter the company of the gloomy, joyleſs prude.—There is a medium in this, as well as in every thing elſe: the point is—where we ſhall fix it.

LYSANDER.

The very queſtion I was going to aſk. Pray proceed.

STREPHON.

I will. Let me ſuppoſe you actually married to the woman you love. I imagine that ſatisfaction muſt be an ingredient of your mutual happineſs. But how can you enjoy ſatisfaction when your tempers and behaviours are different? When the cares of buſineſs have made you ſerious and thoughtful, would you be pleaſed with the giddy behaviour of a flirt? Or, if returning from ſome agreeable amuſement, you are deſirous of communicating delight, and of enjoying the happineſs of a ſmiling countenance, and a chearful

chearful converſation,———could you bear the ſullen gloomy look—the cold indifferent behaviour?

LYSANDER.

By no means. But what would you have me do, Strephon? Are wives like wax-work, to be moulded to our own wiſhes?

STREPHON.

Perhaps not, Lyſander. And yet, the tempers of women are infinitely more ſoft and pliable than ours. The gentleſt touches of a manly, generous, affectionate behaviour will melt their ſouls to tenderneſs and love; and make them all we wiſh. I have not ſuch a bad opinion of human nature, but that I think a manlineſs and generoſity in love are ſtill the characteriſtics of our ſex; while the moſt tender, grateful ſentiments diſtinguiſh the fair.

LYSANDER.

And what do you infer from this?

STREPHON.

That nothing is wanting to enſure your happineſs, if you make a proper choice. If the fair ſex, in general, are tender, ſoft and grateful, it muſt, in ſome meaſure be your own fault if you are not happy. In conſulting the temper of the woman you would wiſh to marry, be careful not to fix your affections upon one, whoſe diſpoſition borders on an extreme. I would not have the moſt obliging woman in the world, if ſhe appeared to be *too* good-natured; for this amiable quality might be

be carried to ſuch a height, as to take the epithets of weakneſs and folly, and render us both ridiculous.

LYSANDER.

Pardon an interruption, Strephon. By the ſame rule, I imagine, you would be apprehenſive of exceſſive chearfulneſs, on the one hand, and of too grave a deportment on the other.

STREPHON.

I would. The one, my dear Lyſander, is generally a ſign of the moſt unapprehenſive thoughtleſſneſs; and the other is too often an indication of a moroſe diſpoſition.

LYSANDER.

But the difficulty ſtill remains. You have not told me how to pitch upon a proper medium.

STREPHON.

It was not my intention to overlook that, Lyſander. I will tell you immediately. If the object of your affections cannot ſmile, when every heart dilates with joy, you may be ſure ſhe is by no means a proper companion for your ſocial hours. The ſmiles of love and chearfulneſs ſhould be *inſtantaneouſly mutual*, or the conſequences may cloud the faireſt nuptial day. "Heart meeting heart," and "joy infuſing joy," are the happy characteriſtics of the conjugal ſtate; and combine to form a bliſs, unknown to the gaudy wretches whom intereſted views unite. But if the virgin cannot ſmile in the ſmooth hours of gaiety and youth, when every circumſtance of life tends to exhilarate her ſpirits, will her heart be

be more ſuſceptible of joy when the cares of a family hang upon her mind? 'Tis impoſſible:—united to one of this caſt, your brighteſt proſpects of joy would vaniſh; and the miſery attending you would be in exact proportion to the gaiety and ſprightlineſs of your diſpoſition.

LYSANDER.

You have drawn a moſt diſagreeable picture, Strephon; but ſtill you are far from the point. You have not yet hit upon the medium.

STREPHON.

Patience, dear Lyſander. It is neceſſary, firſt, to deſcribe the extremes to be avoided. I have already painted the diſagreeable conſequences of the one; let me now attempt the other. I ſee you would, by no means, wiſh for an over-ſerious companion; and I am perſuaded the gay, thoughtleſs butterfly is equally your averſion. Above the mere compliment, I may be allowed to extend the compariſon to yourſelf, without the leaſt apprehenſion of wounding your delicacy. With the livelieſt ſenſibility, you poſſeſs a happy equanimity, that properly qualifies you to be a judge in this affair. What was your anſwer to Pollio, when he expatiated, with ſuch warmth, on the charming vivacity of Aurelia? How juſt was your diſtinction, when you bid him be careful while he viewed the flattering proſpect? Pollio, indeed, was unconvinced; but the company, in general, acknowledged the juſtneſs of your remark, That the gaiety of that celebrated belle,

belle, though infinitely agreeable, was far from being an indication of a real chearfulneſs of diſpoſition. A mere vivacity of ſpirits would eaſily flag; but real chearfulneſs, like the real diamond, would ſtand the ſtrongeſt proof.

LYSANDER.

I am half inclined to accuſe you of unfairneſs, Strephon. But I am glad to find my remark was not improper, tho' I little expected it would have been brought againſt myſelf.

STREPHON.

I will have done then with contraſts. You have inſenſibly engaged me to ſupport the whole of a converſation, which our inviſible audience (I love to fancy we have one) would think far more agreeable, if Lyſander would bear the greateſt part. But forgive me ——— I proceed. Do you know Clorana? 'Tis but naming that charming woman, to give you an idea of the medium in theſe caſes. In her whole deportment how inexpreſſibly lovely —

LYSANDER.

Pardon my ſenſibility, Strephon. How beautiful her form! — How nameleſs every grace!

STREPHON.

But how infinitely ſuperior the graces of her mind! In that agreeable afternoon we ſpent in the pleaſure-boat on Scipio's canal, was ſhe not ſweetly entertaining? I ſaw you ſmile with her ſmiles, and enlivened by her lively ſallies. When a more grave and ſerious ſubject was ſtarted by Honoria,

Honoria, with what becoming attention did ſhe liſten to the chearful wiſdom of that good lady, who, tho' advanced in years, is by no means an enemy to the gaiety of youth!

LYSANDER.

I ſaw it. But I was particularly charmed by that ſoft ſenſibility ſhe diſcovered during the recital of Scipio's pathetic ſtory. A tear ſeemed to ſtray, involuntarily, down her cheek, and rendered her, if poſſible, more beautifully attractive. In fine, my dear Strephon, the leaſt recollection of her amiable behaviour, gives me a perfect idea of the doctrine you would enforce. Polite, generous, lively, and tenderly humane, ——her countenance ſeems to glow with theſe engaging qualities, yet none of them appear to be carried to an extreme; for in every thing her prudence delineates the moſt happy medium.

STREPHON.

To ſum up my arguments then, I may obſerve, that though *our* wiſhes may be too moderate to lead us to aſpire to a woman ſo excellent in every accompliſhment of mind and perſon as Clorana; yet, with whatever virtues we would wiſh to have the partner of our bliſs adorn'd, we ſhould be careful to remember the grand point I have been enforcing, namely, *that none of them border on an extreme*. Is the woman you love, Lyſander, cautious? It becomes her to be ſo. But forbid it, Love! forbid it, that more endearing name——Friendſhip! that ſhe ſhould be reſerved,

ed, or otherwiſe than prudently open and ingenuous. Is ſhe chearful —— is ſhe lively? She cannot but make you happy.—— But forbid it, Conjugal Felicity! that her lively chearfulneſs would loſe itſelf in unthinking levity. Is ſhe generous? Let her generoſity be limited by diſcretion. Is ſhe good-natured, tender, and humane? Let her good-nature, her tenderneſs, and humanity, be tempered by a rational, if not manly fortitude. Has ſhe delicacy of manners? It is amiable, provided it ſoars not to that nice refinement of thought, which is only *female enthuſiaſm*. In a word, with reſpect to a taſte for neatneſs and elegance in dreſs——with reſpect to *every other* female virtue, let that medium be obſerved which the GREAT SOURCE OF BEAUTY ſeems to have intended, in whatever he has endued with lovelineſs and grace.

DIA-

DIALOGUE XXII.

ON THE JUBILEE.

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX, LORD SPANGLE, SIR WILLIAM EASY, AND MR. GAY.

(AT WHITE'S CHOCOLATE-HOUSE.)

L. SPANGLE.

MY Lord, I am heartily glad to ſee your Grace in town.—How comes it that you have left Barnwood ſo early, as the P—— does not meet till January?

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Might I not aſk your Lordſhip the ſame queſtion? But ſome family-buſineſs, occaſioned by the loſs of a near relation, brought me to the Capital at this dull ſeaſon.

L. SPANGLE.

I may thank the ſpirit of petitioning, which rages like an epidemical diſtemper, for my preſent appearance in this quarter. I had ſome intelligence to communicate to the M——y, which I could not entruſt to any one, and have, therefore, been the meſſenger of my own news.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Did you take Stratford in your way?

L. SPAN-

L. SPANGLE.

I arrived there on the maſquerade night, and as I could not poſſibly get forward for want of horſes, I took a domino and turned jubilite.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

How was you entertained?

L. SPANGLE.

Not at all.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Were there no people of faſhion there?

L. SPANGLE.

A few who reſide in the neighbourhood, at the intreaty of the little Manager, aſſiſted, but were heartily mortified for their complaiſance. The company chiefly conſiſted of actors, authors, muſicians, and ſcene-painters. Foote too, was there, and he has ſince burleſqued the Jubilee very archly.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

What does he ſay?

L. SPANGLE.

He ſays, "A jubilee, as it has lately appeared, is a public invitation urged by puffing, to "go poſt without horſes, to an obſcure borough "without repreſentatives, governed by a mayor "and aldermen, who are no magiſtrates, to ce-"lebrate a great Poet, whoſe own works have "made him immortal, by an ode without poe-"try, muſic without harmony, dinners with-"out victuals, and lodging without beds; a "maſ-

" maſquerade where half the people appeared " bare-faced, a horſe-race up to the knees in wa- " ter, fire-works extinguiſhed as ſoon as they " were lighted, and a gingerbread amphithea- " tre, which, like a houſe of cards, tumbled to " pieces as ſoon as it was finiſhed."

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Ha! ha! ha! The droll dog!—But was there any truth in this deſcription?

L. SPANGLE.

Literally fact.—I was obliged to wrap myſelf up in a couple of blankets, and take a nap in my poſt-chaiſe, till horſes could be got from an adjacent town.

(Enter Sir WILLIAM EASY.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Sir William, I hope I ſee you well.

Sir WILLIAM.

I hope your Grace is in perfect health. —— My Lord, your moſt obedient.

L. SPANGLE.

Where have you been loitering till this hour? We could not make a party without you and Gay.

Sir WILLIAM.

I have been to Covent-garden to ſee the new play, and he is gone to Drury-lane to ſee the Jubilee.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Well, Sir William, how do you like it?

Sir

Sir WILLIAM.

It is a haſty production of Colman's to foreſtall Garrick in his Jubilee: there is very little writing in it; and even this little is borrowed from French authors. The chief merit conſiſts in the pageant, in which are introduced the principal characters in Shakeſpear's plays; but he makes the Muſes a couple of Stratford ſtreet-walkers. —— It is true, they have of late been notorious proſtitutes; but, for the honour of the bard, they ſhould, at leaſt upon this occaſion, have rode in their chariots.

(Enter Mr. GAY.)

L. SPANGLE.

The very man we wanted.——Well, what news from the Jubilee?

Mr. GAY.

A full houſe, — a full ſtage, — a great deal of buſtle, — a repreſentation of what never appeared, and an omiſſion of what was repreſented. — A piece without character or fable, — and one part without a name.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Pray explain yourſelf, Mr. Gay.

Mr. GAY.

Garrick gives us, my Lord, the proceſſion, and crowning of Shakeſpeare at Stratford, which never took place there; and the ode and maſquerade, which conſtituted the ſole entertainment of the

the Jubilee, are not introduced. — There is no kind of plot, beginning or end in the piece, and Moody's part, which is the only one that could be called a character, is nameleſs.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Ha! ha! ha!

L. SPANGLE.

Ha! ha! ha!

Sir WILLIAM (after the laugh).

Very good indeed! — Why this is a bull.

Mr. GAY.

I'faith, it is a bull from beginning to end.

L. SPANGLE.

Is there no wit nor humour in it?

Mr. GAY.

Yes, a great deal — but it all lies, not in the boots, indeed, but in the poſt-chaiſe.

L. SPANGLE.

How is that?

Mr. GAY.

Why, Mr. Moody (for I can diſtinguiſh him by no other name) has taken the firſt-floor in a poſt-chaiſe, —— where they give him a bed-fellow — and the devil a wink of ſleep had he got in it till they waked him.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

This was preciſely your ſituation, my Lord; but I hope you was not guilty of the ſame blunders.

L. SPAN-

L. SPANGLE.

If I had I would, at leaſt, have ſuppreſſed them, and not thought them a ſufficient baſis to have built a comedy upon.

Sir WILLIAM.

But how was the proceſſion?

Mr. GAY.

That, indeed, was perfectly elegant, and all the characters very ſtrongly perſonified. Garrick in Benedict, notwithſtanding his maſk and domino, was immediately known, and the audience gave him a plaudit for his condeſcenſion in appearing upon this occaſion, which he returned with a reſpectful bow. Nor was the laſt ſcene unworthy of attention, in which the Muſes crown Shakeſpeare with laurel, the tranſparent pictures of the different characters in Shakeſpeare's plays being finely painted, as well as Melpomene and Thalia. Upon the whole, it is a pretty raree-ſhow, and well worth ſeeing.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Well, gentlemen, will you cut in a rubber at whiſt, till ſupper is ready?

OMNES.

By all means.

D. of MIDDLESEX.

Are the cards ready?

WAIT-

WAITER.

Yes, my Lord Duke.

L. SPANGLE.

Allons donc! *(Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

In the Preſs, and ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

THE

PRACTICE

OF

True Devotion,

In RELATION to the

END, as well as the MEANS

OF

RELIGION:

With an OFFICE for the

HOLY COMMUNION.

Great Peace have they that love thy Law, and nothing ſhall offend them. PSAL. cxix. 165.

Dum beatam quærunt vitam, beatam agunt; & dum adhuc ambiunt, jam conſequuntur. S. EUCHER.

By *ROBERT NELSON*, Eſq;

The SEVENTEENTH EDITION.

To which is added

The CHARACTER of the AUTHOR.

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